



# BLUE AND WHITE



THE LADY'S BOOK







# BLUE & WHITE

Volume Ten

1-9-3-1



*Published by*

*The Student Nurses*

*of the*

*Winnipeg General  
Hospital*



• • • *foreword*

*Y*OU have done your duty, enduring much, for-giving much, attaining great heights of sacrifice and unselfishness. You have made friends—some whom you know—others whose homage to your ministering mission is unknown to you. Can you, will you carry the message of friendship on into the future?

*So, dear members of the 1931 Class, make your mission then one of hope, faith and friendship to all and may all mankind's friendship be yours.*

TRYPHINA WIGGINS.



• . . . *dedication*

*O* those whose faith and endeavor made possible  
the incorporation of this school; and to those  
who have striven to fulfill that faith—giving each  
year their kindly guidance, and making possible the  
realization of our dreams—

THE STAFF DOCTORS

*and*

NURSES

*this, the 10th volume of the Blue and White, is  
sincerely dedicated.*

STAFF DOCTORS



BACK ROW—R. Swan, I. C. McMillan, W. M. Musgrove, A. M. Campbell, J. M. McEachern, C. Hunter, F. G. McGuinness, N. W. Warner, O. Waugh, E. A. Jones, G. Fahrni, A. Leishman, D. Nicholson, F. T. Cadham.

SECOND ROW—M. Finkelstein, A. T. Mathers, E. S. Moorhead, W. H. Secord, H. D. Kitchen, H. Bell, J. D. McQueen, O. Bjornson, W. Creighton, R. B. Mitchell, D. Wheeler, A. Gibson, W. A. Murray, W. L. Mann, F. M. Turner.

THIRD ROW—J. Gunn, C. R. Gilmour, W. Webster, J. Lehmann, H. Smith, R. D. Fletcher, N. J. MacLean, W. A. Gardner, D. S. MacKay, S. W. Prowse, B. J. Brandson.

FRONT ROW—M. Hollenberg, P. H. Thorlakson, A. S. McCann, M. R. MacCharles.



THE WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE

## *Staff Doctors and Nurses*

LOOKING back on our past three years of work and play, we realize how much of their success has depended upon the kindness and understanding shown to us by our Staff Doctors and Head Nurses.

To our Doctors may we say that we thank them very heartily for their never-failing kindness and patience. For their long-suffering, bearing with our ignorance and shortcomings generally. Well do we recall the days when those fateful words—"Go with the Doctor, Miss—" brought on such violent reactions that we went shivering and shaking as with an ague, our half-paralyzed fingers fumbling in our pockets for brand new scissors.

Now, alas! the scissors are somewhat blunt, sometimes—non est—and we greet our Doctors with the smile accorded to old and tried friends.

When sickness smote us and the toll of days to "Put in" mounted up, who so kind as our physicians and surgeons, who so understanding of the fidgets a nurse off duty gets, who so unstinting of their time and skill?

And now the ladies: To our supervisors we would give the honor of making us "What we are today." We have learned by their example and teaching the skill we now possess, and by close contact with them in many a trying situation. We hope they count us among their friends.

We realize now, as we approach the end, and Charge Terms are thrust upon us, the difficulties that lie in wait to plague supervisors.

They have accomplished the impossible in the matter of giving every nurse her half-day on that particular day on which she had planned; they have racked their brains on our behalf to work out timetables and give us hours off-duty, and class time and still have at least ONE nurse left on the flat. We hope they appreciate the benefits accruing to them in this Post Graduate Course of Higher Calculus.

We wish them every prosperity and assure them of our highest esteem and trust that the 1932 class won't have such complicated "Time Slips."

STAFF NURSES



BACK ROW—M. Henderson, K. Lunn, J. Landy, R. Fleming, L. Lee, A. Law, H. Johnson, C. Day, K. Schellenberg, M. Graham, B. Fowlie, G. Nelson.

SECOND ROW—J. Stevenson, J. Morrison, A. Pearson, Baldwin, M. Sellers, J. McRae, E. Taylor, Mrs. Craig, E. Byers, C. Hunter, A. McNeil.

FRONT ROW—M. Duncan, V. Paget, A. Taylor, M. Davidson, J. S. Harry, A. Effler, T. Turner.

## *History of Winnipeg General Hospital Alumnae Association*

THE Winnipeg General Hospital Nurses Alumnae Association was organized in 1904, largely through the efforts of our Honorary President, Mrs. A. W. Moody, who had been a few years previous to the time, Superintendent of Nurses in our Hospital; its object was and is to unite the Graduates of the School for mutual help, to promote good fellowship among them, to further the interest of the School by our support wherever necessary, and to advance the standing of the nursing profession.

The Association has grown from a small group to one having members in many countries. Meetings have been held monthly with the exception of the summer months and are of a varied nature.

One of the first undertakings of the Association was the establishment of a Nurses' Registry, which was carried on until the organization of the Central Nurses' Registry, in 1921. In 1907 the Alumnae Journal was first published. This proved to be a great tie between the members at home and those away and was issued quarterly for twenty-one years, when it was replaced by an annual, the first number taking the form of a history of our Training School. For a number of years the Association has supported a native nurse in India. Among other undertakings have been the granting of a Scholarship for Post

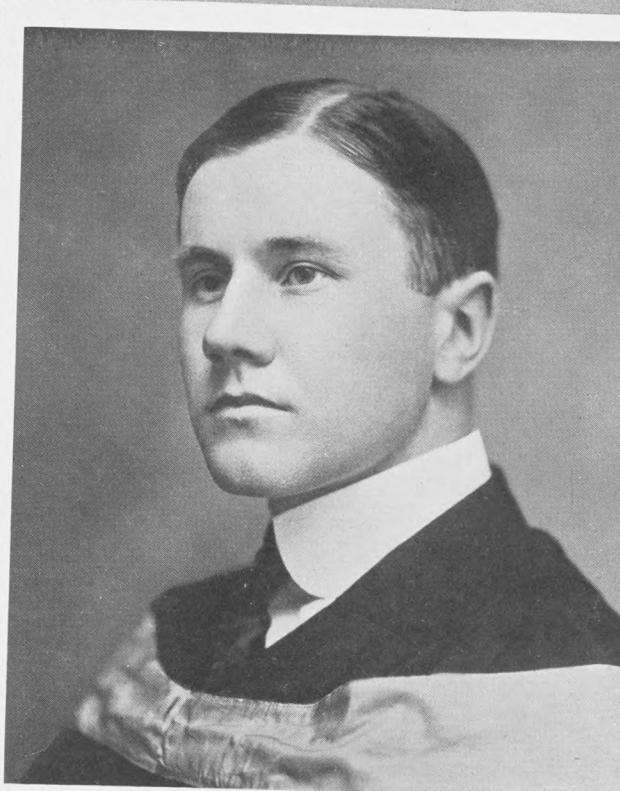
Graduate Work on two occasions, the printing of ten thousand Hospital Calendars, giving details of interest regarding the development of service, etc., to celebrate the Jubilee of our Hospital in 1922, the sending of delegates to conventions, the yearly reception for the Graduating Class, and the giving of a prize for the last few years to the Graduate doing the best practical work during her student days. This year a special effort has been made to establish a fund which may be used to help bring comfort to those of our members who are ill for long periods.

Since 1911 a number of our members have gone to Mission Fields in China, India and South Africa. During the war one hundred and thirty-two of our Graduates went overseas, twenty being decorated. Four died on active service and the small tablet in the rotunda of our Hospital was placed there in their memory.

The Association is affiliated with the Canadian Nurses Association and has representatives attending meetings of the Central Council of Social Agencies and the Local Council of Women, trusting that in this way our members may not only know something of nursing affairs, but be better fitted for service through a wider knowledge of the problems studied there.



DR. G. F. STEPHENS,  
*Superintendent of Winnipeg General Hospital*



DR. H. COPPINGER,  
*Assistant Superintendent*

## History of the Winnipeg General Hospital

WE ARE just as old as Winnipeg, we assure you, and date from away back in 1872, in the primitive colonist days, when this apparently flourishing city was a struggling little trading post, a small community of rough frame shacks, proud in possession of a school, a church, a general store, and a policeman; and when men maintained an heroic but somewhat hand-to-mouth existence in their battle with circumstances, with few more exciting events to brighten the monotony of their lives than the arrival of the river boat "plying up and down."

In those romantic days, sanitation was a term unknown to the burly pioneers of Western civilization, and the dreary waters of the Red river, laden with refuse, were probably the main source of the community's water supply. Consequently, epidemics of typhoid and of other waterborne diseases, were of all too frequent occurrence, and it was the ravages of these spoilers that induced the Governor to call a meeting of the council, and form a Board of Health, in consequence of which, we, as we stated before, were organized in the year 1872.

To be sure, we were not much of an institution; rather a shocking frame building, "walls filled in with sawdust," which stood, timorously apologetic, on the banks of the weary river. Our accommodation was scanty, our beds few, conveniences did not exist, and (at least so 'tis said) we had no partitions in the shack.

One of our earliest patients was a friendless leper, who came on the river boat from heaven knows where, was dumped in our hospital and died a lingering death here despite the kind and scrupulous attention of Dr. O'Donnell, first Medical Superintendent of the Winnipeg General Hospital.

Thus, from very small and humble beginnings have we grown up to be what we are (we are inordinately proud of ourselves, you know) and perhaps you'd like to know just how it has been done.

After struggling against many adversities, the little hospital became incorporated in 1875, as a result of a direct appeal to the Provincial Government, and having already occupied several homes, became duly established near its present location, on property donated by Mr. Andrew Bannatyne and Doctor McDermott. Then there was accommodation for sixteen public and four private patients, besides a small operating theatre.

The first nurses' home was erected in 1888, also a maternity ward, and in 1892 an Isolation Hospital. Since then the rapid growth of the city has demanded the proportionate extension of the hospital's service. The present group of buildings has cropped up gradually around the "new hospital" of 1884, which was erected at a cost of about fifty-three thousand dollars and staffed by an efficient group of strong, silent damsels in abominable mob-caps, mutton-chop-sleeves, long dismal petticoats, and to whom the frivolous tendencies of the fallacious housman were a delight unknown, the deplored of which they were spared the painful necessity and, really, rather missed something, we think.

The Jubilee Wing, completed in 1899, contained the new operating rooms, with all the necessary accoutrements, and was further divided into D., E., and the since notorious F. flat, girls.

In 1902 the East Wing was completed and during the years 1907 and 1908 many minor improvements were added.

During the long years of the World War, the free dental clinic was established, the chatty, cheerfully melodious outpatients' department, and our up-to-date "psycho," of which we will long retain memories, burdened with clinking keys, clamorous, insistent voices; tired, world-weary eyes, in an atmosphere of spotless cleanliness.

The Women's Hospital Aid, organized in 1883, and the Social Service Department, organized in 1910, have, under their capable executives, played an enormous part in the development of the institution, and towards the improvement of the patient's social conditions in general, taking an energetic interest in the welfare of his family, and striving to improve and enlighten the existence of the poorer classes.

In close connection with the Hospital we have the Manitoba Medical College, one of the finest in Canada, and which has grown, with the Nurses' Training School, apace with the growth of the Hospital.

Altogether, we consider that we have much reason for our inordinate pride, and hope sincerely that our Medical Superintendent is as proud, or only a little as proud, of us, as we are of him as head of this splendid institution, the Winnipeg General Hospital.

BLUE - AND - WHITE



MISS K. ELLIS,  
*Superintendent of Nurses*

MISS MCGILVRAY,  
*Night Superintendent*

## To The Graduates

ALTHOUGH I have not been associated with you very long, we are bound by a special tie in that we have entered almost simultaneously upon new responsibilities, with this difference, that for you the experiences before you are unknown; you do not yet realize the possibilities that lie within you; the possibilities of your profession.

We are going to watch your careers with great interest, with great faith and confidence in your achievements. Our profession is calling today for women of courage and resourcefulness; we are passing on to you the responsibilities of its future development and the maintenance of its traditions. Much learning, higher educational requirements and increasing the curricula of our training schools is not going to attain the ends we desire, unless supported by the highest type of work of which we, as individual nurses, are capable.

Nursing of the future is going to be expressed in the result of your lives. May the problems you will meet with prove only an incentive to greater effort, and may your experiences broaden your interests and give to you independence of thought and action in support of the best of which you are conscious.

As student nurses you are leaving your training school—leaving memories both worthy and happy. As Graduates we hope that you will maintain your contact with it through your Alumnae Association. Inspired by the knowledge that the career you have chosen has been so aptly termed "the fine arts," may success and satisfaction be yours.

KATHLEEN W. ELLIS.

I KNOW you are all looking forward with a great deal of anticipation to your Graduating day.

It is the great day which you have had in view during your three years' training. The thought of it has helped you to overcome many difficulties and has taught self-sacrifice.

During your different periods of night duty when I have called upon you for extra efforts to be put forth when there was need for such, I have never known you to fail.

It is my great regret that you are graduating at such a period of financial depression, but you will continue to show, I have no doubt, that spirit of courage and cheerfulness which you have shown during your training.

What do we ask of you? It is this: loyalty to your school and profession, and that you give of your best at all times wherever you may be.

Might I give you three words, as your motto, for the years to come: trustworthiness, courage and perseverance; these qualities with nobility of character will carry you far in your life's work.

Nineteen Thirty-one's, it is a glad time and a sad time; we will miss you all very much but, then, we will have the pleasure of watching your career and hope we will always be able to say with pride they are our 1931's.

MARGARET McGILVRAY.

## BLUE - AND - WHITE



MISS T. WIGGINS,  
*Assistant Superintendent*

MISS H. JOHNSON,  
*Assistant Night Superintendent*

## Miss Grant

WITH the approach of Graduation and termination of our three years' training days, our thoughts turn gratefully to our former Superintendent, who carefully and wisely guided us through our Junior and Intermediate years, with lofty ideals and soaring hopes for this long awaited day. It was she who taught us the meaning of "Graduation," of the professional responsibilities, of the endless opportunities and the possible career of the graduate nurse. It is these ideas that she has so carefully sown during our early training that are now beginning to grow and will influence us as we each embark on our chosen career.



MISS JESSIE E. GRANT,  
*Former Superintendent of Nurses*



*In Loving Memory of our  
Beloved Comrade*

## **Marguerite Sinclair**

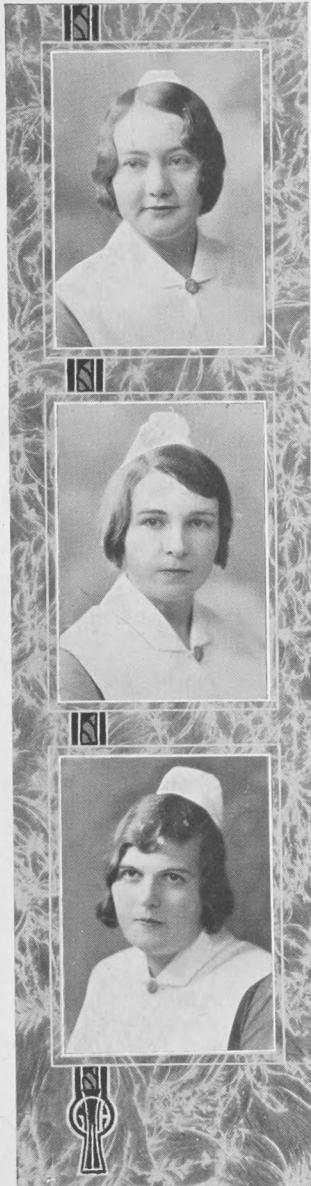
*"With such a comrade, such a friend,  
I fain would walk till journey's end;  
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,  
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again."*



GRADUATES  
1 - 9 - 3 - 1



▲▲▲▲▲ **BLUE - AND - WHITE** ▲▲▲▲▲



ANNA ANDERSON

Baldur, Man.

It is nice to be natural when one is naturally nice. "Andy" has a cheerful disposition and a quiet and dignified manner. She has made many friends during her three years.

"Good luck, 'Andy'."

•••

ELIZABETH ANDREAS

Herbert, Sask.

With winsome smile and a most lovable personality, "Andy" has won our hearts completely. Petite and in every way dear to us, we have loved her easy grace and childlike simplicity, as we care for a younger sister.

•••

ALDIS ASMUNDSON

Caliente, Manitoba

Deep blue eyes and wavy hair  
Roguish smile and merry air;  
Sincere, vivacious, happy, too,  
A real girl friend, honest and true;  
With a heart that never hardens  
And a touch that never hurts.

MARTHA BETHEL

Beausejour, Man.

To have a friend is to have one of the sweetest gifts that life can give, and to have Martha is to have a friend. Loyal, true, genuine and sincere, Martha has made our rugged path smooth, laughing with us in our happiness and mothering us in our sorrow.

•••

ADA BILLINKOFF

Winnipeg, Man.

One of the liveliest members of our group. Always willing to lend anything she possesses to a fellow student. Sometimes affects an abrupt manner to cover a very sympathetic heart. Her cheerfulness and willingness to help have endeared her to us all.

•••

SYLVIA MONA BIRD

Edinburgh, Scotland

Our sweet Peter Pan who sings like a bird,  
Her voice, clear as crystal, has ne'er a discord,  
Her laughing dark eyes, her sweet sunny smile,  
These are the things that make life worth while.  
"Specially" for those who are under her care,  
(But I will admit this) Well—Touch me who dare!



▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲

BLUE - AND - WHITE

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EILEEN BIRT  
Winnipeg, Man.

A demure little maiden with a reserved air who on closer acquaintance reveals a nature full of deviltry, warmth of heart and true affection. Her cheerfulness, adaptability and efficiency have always brought her close to the hearts of her patients, supervisors and fellow students.



LILLIAS BLACKBURN  
Rapid City, Man.

"Blackie," of a very placid disposition, finds only evidences of friends accumulated throughout the past few years. Ever ready to help in all manner of things, we do nought but admire one so genial.

*"Your heart's desires be with you."*



EVA BLANKSTEIN  
Winnipeg, Man.

An all round sport and sterling friend. Noted for honesty of expression, facial or verbal, and an unfailing source of mirth.

*So innocent, arch, so cunning, simple,  
From beneath her gathered wimple  
Glancing with black beaded eyes,  
Till the lightning laughter dimples  
Then away she flies.*

MYRTLE BOWMAN  
Winnipeg, Man.

Very fond of visiting the Training School Office, but nothing serious. Rarely gets mad, never squashed yet, and what is more has all the brains of the class.

♦♦♦

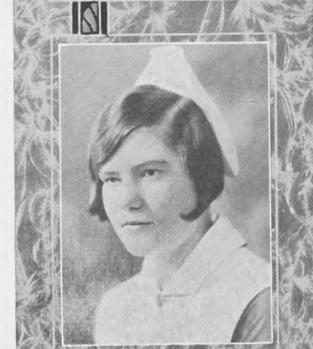
NORA BUNTING  
The Pas, Man.

Out of the north world, swiftly and silently like the vanishing of a snowflake came our red-headed Nora three years ago. Strong in her feelings, likes and dislikes, and yet singularly gentle in manner always. Quiet and unassuming she is always a sympathetic listener and real pal.

♦♦♦

LOTTIE CAMPBELL  
Solsgirth, Man.

Lottie is a good pal, gentle and wise, Curly hair and dark brown eyes; With her bright nature she makes lots of friends, Her humor and wit on occasion she lends; Her future we cannot predict, 'tis true, But whate'er her career, may her trials be few.



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JEAN CARRUTHERS  
Chatham, New Brunswick

Quiet and unassuming, this adventurer from Eastern shores has earned the respect of everyone. Carefully hidden humor crops up at times, making her an ideal companion. Her conscientious work at the Winnipeg General has given her a sound understanding of human nature. Will answer "oh, yes!" once too often some day.

♦ ♦ ♦

BEATRICE CASEMORE  
Carroll, Man.

"Casey" has a personality all her own, made up of sunshine, laughter and good sportsmanship and an unsurpassed drollery; with her sunny disposition she has overcome all obstacles of training days and has come out on top. We wish her every success.

♦ ♦ ♦

WILMA CATHERWOOD  
Shoal Lake, Man.

She seems to be quiet, but one never knows. An all round girl, fond of a good time, but an earnest worker. In her quiet way she has gained a host of friends and we wish her every success.

ALISON CHOWEN  
Winnipeg, Man.

Loveable, laughable, changeable  
Chowen!

Either in the seventh heaven of bliss or in the deepest depths of despair—no half-way measures here! Her greatest interest lies in the very unexpectedness of her, for it is impossible to guess what she will do or say next.

When first we met her she was dubbed "aloof," but when we learned to know her we enjoyed this adjective as a good joke.

♦ ♦ ♦

EDYTHE CROSSEN  
Portage la Prairie, Man.

Lovely and sweet!

Patience, sympathy and humor: these are the three most manifest traits in the cheery personality of our Edythe. Her friendship can not be compared to a chain, for that the rain might rust or a falling tree might break.

♦ ♦ ♦

MARION CECILIA DAVIDSON  
Winnipeg, Man.

A charming Pro. and mighty nice, Cake and driving cars—her vice. Next year we find minor passions: Plans, adventures, dances, fashions. Now a senior we behold. Capricious, ambitious, a heart of gold. In training—a multitude of friends—For her life now begins—not ends.



▲▲▲▲▲ **BLUE - AND - WHITE** ▲▲▲▲▲



CHRISTINE DAWSON  
Brandon, Man.

Like a hidden treasure  
Her friendship must be hunted,  
But once found is as pure as gold;  
A friend sincere, a friend so dear,  
Kind, honest, sympathetic, too,  
That's Christine thru' and thru'.

♦♦♦



OLIVE DENNISON  
Winnipeg, Man.

Just hear that cheery laugh, and chuckles from all follow "Denny," loyal and dependable, seems always to be on hand when needed. President of the S.C.M., pianist of our group, and Vice-President of the Glee Club; her services are much in demand. A good sport and a good pal.

♦♦♦



ISABELLE DUNCAN  
Estevan, Sask.

*"My will is back'd with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreams until their  
effects be tried."*

Regardless of the numerous obstacles which fate has placed in Dunc's path she has plodded on with a relentless zeal, confident that she is steadily reaching the goal which she is striving to attain. Best of luck, Dunc.



EVALINE FORSTER  
Abernethy, Sask.

Come into the garden—Evelyn. The hapless poet extends graceful invitation to this fair lady, whose flowerlike face, and quiet, wistful charm lure him to his destruction; or is it eternal bliss? We know not; but do all agree that this is a very dear little maid who has stepped unawares into our trim garden.

♦♦♦



MADELEINE TOWERS GARRETT  
Barcelona, Spain

Started in India,  
Flourished in Spain,  
Served in France,  
Rested in England,  
Now she's here.

A brilliant student in our year,  
She sticks to it thro' thick and thin;  
In spite of ups and downs—  
She's sure to win.

♦♦♦



ALBERTA GILBERT  
Winnipeg, Man.

Displaying an executive ability without which we would oft find ourselves amid chaos, "Bert" has proven herself a born leader. Viewing her past accomplishments and combining her present initiative we can only wonder to what heights she will climb.



▲▲▲▲▲ BLUE - AND - WHITE ▲▲▲▲▲



REGENA GLAZER  
Esterhazy, Sask.

Suggestive of an Eastern cult and a past era, "Reg" goes on in her own sweet way oblivious of the criticism of those about her. Patient beyond words and striving to become one of the best in her chosen profession.

*Much joy and favor to you.*

•••

ELMA GRUNDY  
Winnipeg, Man.

Beneath its dignity and grace  
I scan the wisdom in your face,  
The peaceful calm of your blue eyes,  
Within the depths of which there lies  
A world of quiet thought,  
Idealistic mind  
Whose careful judgment of mankind  
Gives but a hint of what may be  
Concealed within the heart of thee.

•••

JESSIE HARCUS  
Stonewall, Man.

This "pretty little bird" came fluttering in upon us three years ago and the time has seemed all too short to be with her. It is indeed a surprise that such a dainty little person can possess all the charming qualities necessary to make her loved by all.

HULDA HERMANN  
Seydisford, Iceland

From Iceland one wintry day  
Came tripping along a fairy gay,  
Dainty ways and golden hair,  
A gentle touch and a merry air;  
Departing does she leave behind  
A host of friends, a memory kind.

•••

ALDYTH BALFOUR HOLDEN  
Winnipeg, Man.

Surely the spirit of our age must have been present at the christening of this maiden—else, how could we find such dainty femininity, alluring brown eyes, sweet impatience and intriguing charm? We wish you the best, Aldyth—it's your due.

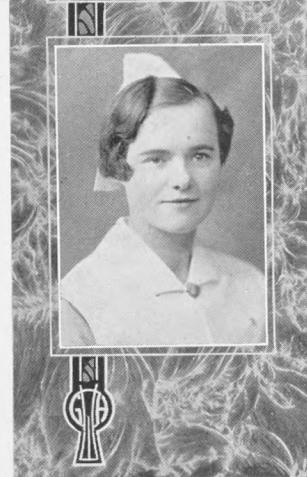
•••

JEAN LONG  
Winnipeg, Man.

Her simplicity of nature in its most exaggerated measure will always endear Jean to us. A spotless character, and one whose intense unselfishness spurs her on to duty, regardless of perplexing situations.

*None knows what lies along the way  
Let's smile what smiles we can today.*





DOROTHY LONGMORE  
Moose Jaw, Sask.

A typical Irish colleen, blue eyes and black hair, characteristically quick tempered, "Dot" is as easily quelled. Her affaires d'amour are of great interest to us all and they too are as changeable as the uncertain glory of an April day.

*Thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail  
in me at once.*



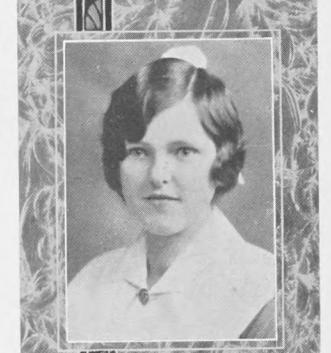
DOROTHY LOW  
Star City, Sask.

Just like a refreshing breeze from the West this roguish youngster blew in. Full of pep and personality, wise cracks and poems she has chased away many a blue. 'Bunny's' ambition is to travel this wide world o'er, seeing life at every port.



DOROTHY LOVERING  
Steward, Sask.

Our little "Lovie," sufficient proof that good things come in small parcels, but not too good. Her sunny disposition has endeared her to all of us.



MABEL LYTHE  
Roland, Man.

Innocent looking beyond reproach, "Slim" possesses an imp of satan himself; interred within her she has the happy faculty of being able to keep out of disgrace by that angelic expression and no one could even think of accusing her of wrong doing.

*A veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*



ISOBEL MACLENNON  
Gladstone, Man.

In her unobtrusive way of making evident her finest traits, which are so many, she has displayed a true ambition. She was the envy of us all when she beheld, with indrawn breath, some dubious results of an eventful test.

*What I aspire to be and am not  
comforts me.*



JEAN MALCOLM  
Dauphin, Man.

Svelte in appearance this very modern maiden chose nursing as her career. Off time is spent in creating costumes to be worn to the gay little parties she likes to attend. Conscientious in her work and loyal always to the absent, Jean is a popular member of the 1931 Class.

▲▲▲▲▲ **BLUE - AND - WHITE** ▲▲▲▲▲



G. GIBSON McCONAGHY  
Virden, Man.

President of the class, an enthusiastic student and loyal friend, "that's our 'Mac'." Never was there anyone more ready to sympathize in trouble and rejoice in happiness and withal, brimmed full of life, energy and fun. We wish her "health and happiness."

◆◆◆  
RUTH McEACHERN  
Winnipeg, Man.

As in every drama, comedy plays an important part, so Ruth has supplied the comic relief in our short years together. Clowning through her hours off duty and diligently performing her tasks while on, she has portrayed a well proportioned sense of humor and appreciation of life.

◆◆◆  
DORIS McLEAN  
Winnipeg, Man.

*I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends.*

Doris's ability is so eclipsed by her unique sense of humor that it is not evidenced until examination results appear. Sincerity and sympathy are masked with an optimism arousing one's deeper appreciation of her true self.

MILDRED McKAY  
East Kildonan, Man.

Here's to the best of pals—a scholarship student of a reserved yet lovable personality. Her generosity, wit, cheerfulness and amiable disposition have endeared her to all of us.

◆◆◆  
KITTY MUDD  
Teulon, Man.

Don't kid me—what is her name?  
Mud at times.  
Uniform neat sometimes.  
Dances most of the time with Olie.  
Devilish all the time;  
Yet all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

◆◆◆  
HELEN NORRIE  
Virden, Man.

Serious of mind, but withall possessed of a dry humor capable of making the most serious-minded approach hysteria. Nell has brightened our days by making light of many things which to some of us seemed nothing short of a calamity.

*A good wit will make use of anything.*



▲▲▲▲▲ BLUE - AND - WHITE ▲▲▲▲▲



MARGARET OLSON

Riverton, Man.

Her flashing eyes, her quick retort,  
Her smiles, her vim, her love of sport,  
These make her a classmate bright,  
Her presence is a flashing light;  
Ready to quarrel or laugh, whichever  
she will—

Look out for shocks!

♦♦♦



EDITH ORTON

Moosomin, Sask.

*"The mind is that mysterious thing that  
makes the toiler and the king."*

Edith is of a frankly affectionate nature, radiating happiness to patients and to friends alike—a capable nurse with bright hopes for the future.

♦♦♦



PALINA PALSSON

Arras, B.C.

Belonging to a race of good doctors and nurses, Pauline bids fair to follow a good example. Conscientious and dependable, she is ever ready to shoulder more than her share of unpleasant duties, and brings always a smile to cheer the unfortunate. Yet with all, a will-o'-the wisp, all laughter and sparkle.

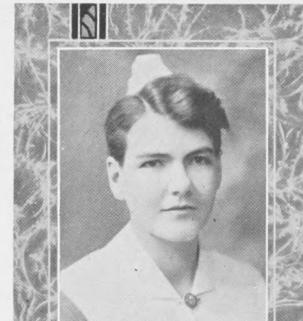
♦♦♦

ELIZABETH PARKER

Winnipeg, Man.

Worthy President of our School, "Bea" is endowed with enthusiasm and a lovable personality which has won her a host of devoted friends. A good student, and in her spare time athletically inclined. Here's joy to one who has lightened our training.

♦♦♦



IDA PETCH

Franklin, Man.

Always the same happy Ida, morning, noon and night, possessing that lucky faculty of being seemingly worryless. Sympathy, kindness and happiness seem to radiate from her and we wish her all the best during the coming years.

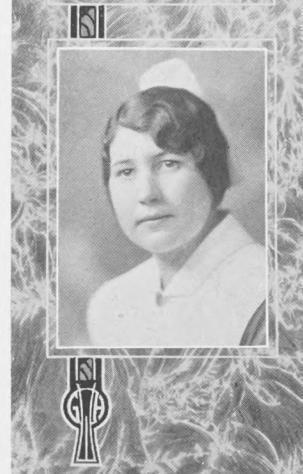
♦♦♦



LILLIAN PETTIGREW

Lumsden, Sask.

A girl whose capability and energy we might well be envious of, "Lill" is the possessor of a sympathetic nature, making her the confidant of her friends. Underlying her modest and somewhat serious appearance is a keen sense of humor which is more enhanced by that naughty twinkle in her eye.



## ▲▲▲▲▲ BLUE ▲ AND ▲ WHITE ▲▲▲▲▲



RUBELLE REID

Emo, Ont.

A gleeful little body, her darkest moments have always been chased away by sudden outbursts of her joyous disposition. Tho' of stature small, her admirable confidence and self-respect have sustained her in the midst of turmoil.

•••

WINNIFRED RICE

Reston, Man.

Whom to know is to love  
Beneath a nature, quiet and reserved,  
We find an earnest worker and faithful  
friend,  
Determined, but ever loyal, generous and  
true.

•••

EDITH RORKE

Minnedosa, Man.

Ireland cannot boast of a prettier colleen than this young lady with her dark hair and bewitching blue eyes. How we envy her enjoyment of delicious chocolates and still slim, youthful figure. Her quiet charm has indeed won for her many friends.

MARJORIE RYAN

Rosser, Man.

Affectionately dubbed "Ryno."  
There is a little girl with many a curl,  
But not in the middle of her forehead,  
When she is good, she is very, very good,  
But when she is bad she is—oh boy!  
When she IS Good—look out! !

•••

ADA SAMPLE

Rapid City, Man.

Full of pep, a loyal supporter of '31.  
A peach of a sport, that's our Sample.  
By combining ability and tons of enthusiasm  
she can put across any job.

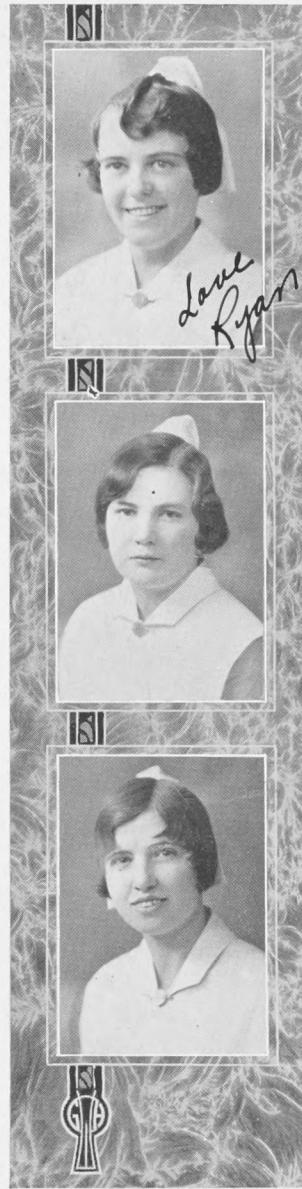
Good luck, Sample, you've been a  
wonderful pal.

•••

MURIEL SCOTT

Minto, Man.

A wee little bit of a girl who is game  
for any kind of fun. Quiet, unobtrusive  
ways when not bubbling over. Never idle,  
but thrifty and thoughtful of others. Has  
won her way into the hearts of all who  
know her, so our advice to the rest of  
you is—get to know "Scotty."



▲▲▲▲▲ **BLUE - AND - WHITE** ▲▲▲▲▲



ANNA SIGBJORNSON

Leslie, Sask.

Of an artistic temperament, capable of expressing itself in multitudinous ways, "Sig" has beautified everything which she has touched. At first we thought she had disregarded her talents by coming in training, but "nursing is an art," and who can better exemplify this than "Sig."

♦♦♦

GEORGINA SINCLAIR

Weyburn, Sask.

A fair flower from Weyburn. Good-hearted with an unconscious humor that is very refreshing. "Sinc" is just what she seems—what better report. A good student, friend, and a real good sport.

♦♦♦

VELMA ILENE SMITH

Saskatoon, Sask.

"Vel's" cosmopolitan views and rare appreciation of the finer things of life make her an ideal companion. Moods as varying as the winds that blow and actions as impulsive as her moods keep us wondering what can happen next. We all agree that she is expert in the art of "House" management.

KATHLEEN STEVENSON

Oak Lake, Man.

Quiet of demeanor, reserved to an infinite degree, really known to few, but appreciated by them beyond comparison. Blue-eyed, golden-haired and with an aloofness characteristic to none other than herself. "Kai" has been unmoved by the unusual controversies taken too seriously by others.

♦♦♦

ANNIE SUDERMAN

Morden, Man.

Keenly alive to the humor and pathos of any situation, this capable nurse lends a hand where help is needed. Serious and sedate in appearance she still has a coquettish manner and a pile of fun stored under her madonna-like braids.

♦♦♦

R. CHRISTENA TAYLOR

Winnipeg, Man.

Known for her chameleon-like changes of mood. In her every-day moments may be helping the underdog, loving a child, understanding when she's sorely tired, applying the word "gentleman" with care and discrimination, or following a star. What more could we wish our unfathomable "Chris" than a Master's Degree in the Art of Living.



▲▲▲▲▲ **BLUE - AND - WHITE** ▲▲▲▲▲

ESTHER TARNOW

Edmonton, Alta.

Twinkling blue eyes and curly hair.  
Sunny smile and baby stare,  
Cute, vivacious, lovable and sweet,  
Does she miss dances?  
Never, my dear;  
Set boys in trances?  
Often, I fear!  
Nice personality?  
Rather, I'd say;  
A lady of quality,  
That's Esther—she's hard to beat.

:-:-

LILLIAN THORVALDSON

Piney, Man.

Commonly known to her classmates as "Thory." Though quiet and unassuming in her ways, she meets everybody with a smile. True to her Viking blood, she has, through her loyalty, endeared herself to her classmates. Thus we hope that the ambition which brought her to the W.G.H. will spell success.

:-:-

BERTHA THORVARDSON

Winnipeg, Man.

Although Bertha appears to be quiet and reserved, she is in reality very witty and charming. And all the more interesting because one has to penetrate the first two qualities in order to discover the last two.

OLIVE THOMAS

Winnipeg, Man.

Oh! understanding heart—delightful combination of Solomon's wisdom and tender, "Puck"-like humor.

Come ye, all kinds and conditions, for she gives herself unreservedly in your cause. Brave, earnest and very intelligent "Tommy."

*He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small.*

:-:-

VERA TURNER

Beausejour, Man.

Add—Innocent countenance—  
Mischievous nature—  
Lovable disposition—  
Capacity for hard work.

Total—One of the finest products of the W.G.H. guaranteed to spread sunshine wherever she goes.

:-:-

KATHLEEN WARHAM

Gainsborough, Sask.

*To have a friend one must be one.*

Anyone as rich in friendship as "Kay" must have lived her life accordingly. A heart of untold sympathy, loving and staunch in her friendship she has endeared herself to those meeting and knowing her. We wish only good for one so generous.

*Lillian Thorvaldson*



▲▲▲▲▲ **BLUE - AND - WHITE** ▲▲▲▲▲



MARGARET WAUGH  
Winnipeg, Man.

Depths of unfathomed sympathy and sincerity glow from her piercing eyes to make life richer for those who fall beneath their radiation.

*The only deeds she ever hid  
Were acts of kindness that she did.*

•••

MARGARET WEST  
Benito, Man.

Poo-Poo-Pa-Doop.

For her future reincarnation, Peggy will be a nightingale. But you can't deny that she has hair that is the envy of the class and a constant source of worry to Ollie.



?

OR



IRENE WHITE  
Vancouver, B.C.

*How do we love thee?  
Let us count the ways.*

Behold our Irene, famous for her laugh. She is sweet, true and lovable; always a willing worker in school activities, witty, wise and a sympathetic comrade. Always good natured and helping others, she will be greatly missed by all and forgotten by none.

•••

IRIS WINDROSS  
Ericksdale, Man.

*Still waters run deep*

Grave, kindly, lovable, undemonstrative. With her, a friendship improves with time. Her pursuits are not varied but anything she does is done well. Good luck, Windross!



# The George

"To report Sunday evening for duty Monday morning:  
Miss . . . . . K.G."

WITH what misgivings did we see our own name posted thus! Tales of the rigid technique to be kept had reached our ears and we trembled to think of the swarms and swarms of little germs waiting in ambush for the moment when we should be off our guard, to rush upon us and lay us low with chickenpox, scarlet fever, or measles.

Brave souls who had been there spoke freely, even lightly, of such things as "Barrier wards" and "Cross infection." To us it was as Greek, and only served to make us the more fearful.

We did contemplate going to the Training School office and saying kindly, but firmly that we declined to take the training offered, but memories of other interviews of lesser moment made us think better of such a course. So we packed our two suitcases and slung our laundry-bag over our shoulder and started forth.

After waiting for what seemed to us an age, a maid appeared from some remote region and directed us over to the hospital for our "swabs and history." We entered and found three doors staring at us. Being of a timid nature, we found it difficult to decide which one to try, but finally opened the one on our right. This disclosed a large, spacious kitchen to view, which delighted our feminine domestic nature, but got us no nearer to our "swabs and history."

We tried again, this time with better success, for there straight ahead of us was the office, with a tall, dignified nurse seated at the table. We approached, were requested to be seated, and again we waited. After a few minutes our history was taken and we were led to the lower regions for "swabs," which proved to be very minor irritations in nose and throat, caused by the insertion of, and tickling with, an applicator.

"Well," we thought, as we raced back to the shelter of the Nurses' Home, "we are officially settled now."

Next morning we were awakened by one of our kind-hearted fellow nurses, who bade us hurry into our uniform and tag along to breakfast. We accepted her invitation, grumbling inwardly at the earliness of the hour, and dashed across to the "Edward." The speed seemed uncalled for and totally unnecessary to us, until we found that the students table seated only six, and we were seven! The extra nurse (the one who came last) sat with the staff, but as we thought this too much glory for us to share unsupported by our colleagues, we made a mental note to always rise early and hurry across. We were surprised and delighted at the calm, dignified, leisurely process of the meal. There was actually time for conversation; delightful discussions about flowers, canaries and radios—we were enchanted.

Breakfast over, we walked smartly to our ward. The superintendent took charge of us, and after showing us over the hospital and explaining the technique of a T.B. nursing establishment, left us to our duties.

"Nothing terrifying about this," we commented to ourselves, "just good nursing care and a lot of bottled sunshine required."

Our two weeks passed all too quickly. We had time here to know our patients

and to do a host of little things for them that in our larger, busier hospital we had found no time for. And the kindness and consideration which we ourselves were accorded by the staff was thoroughly appreciated.

But still our dread of the "George" continued—try as we might to hide it under a mask of indifference and careless, easy manner. Then the day came when we were sent across—we laughed a trifle more, talked a shade faster, perhaps, and prayed that we would do nothing startlingly dumb to disgrace ourselves and our training school. And so, with our new hairnet properly adjusted, our shoes shined to the nth degree, and our watches pinned correctly to our sleeve, we followed in the wake of the more experienced members.

Here again, after a very delicious, leisurely breakfast, we were shown over the hospital, initiated into the art of bed-making, and informed that if properly made, a bed could be kept tight for twenty-four hours—we marvelled!

The technique seemed a bit confusing at first: just what was considered clean, and what dirty? However, we were fortunate in having a supervisor of long experience and infinite patience. She instructed us in details painstakingly, giving us a little more to do each day until we understood and felt that we were master of the situation. All the while she watched us vigilantly and prevented many a break in technique. We remember when we had to scrub the garbage can because we thought it was dirty, and it really was clean. We remember when we had to scrub our nose for two minutes because a baby smacked us with a little fist all covered with scarlet fever germs. We remember . . . ad infinitum.

The mornings on which we had class we met in the waiting room at ten o'clock *sharp!* and woe betide the nurse who lingered in the coffee room! At the precise hour of ten, unless we went to clinic on a case, we streamed over to the Nurses' Home to the class room. Here we received excellent instruction from a nurse of vast human understanding and a dry, ready humor, which made the classes doubly attractive. On the other mornings we scoured every cup, basin, and bedpan on the ward, and scrubbed the cupboards to a pleasing whiteness.

Six weeks of this, and we had learned to snap our fingers at the little germs who lay in wait for us. We felt confident and pleased that we could at last discuss "barrier wards," "cross infection," "discharge baths," etc., with the best of them.

We again visited the office, this time to hear our report, and the result of our exam. The superintendent herself went over our paper with us, explaining our mistakes, praising particularly well worded answers, and answering any questions we cared to ask.

And at the end we were loathe to go—we had met girls from other hospitals, interchanged methods of procedure, received new ideas on many subjects, and altogether found the eight weeks most refreshing. Again we packed our two suitcases, and, dragging the old laundry-bag behind us, set out for home. The "George" holds no terror for us now, our memories are too pleasant for that, and we smile patronizingly, albeit understandingly, at those setting out in quaking shoes on a Sunday evening.

## The Margaret Scott Nursing Mission

WHO has not heard of the M.S.N.M., but how many of you know where this Home is, and realize the help, comfort and nursing care which radiates from this centre.

The eight weeks spent here is indeed quite an education. The work is carried on by a staff of twelve, four graduates and eight pupil nurses.

The evening of your arrival you will be given the uniform coat and hat, bequeathed by the girl whose place you are taking. You may be 5 ft. 6 in. tall and 80 lbs. in weight, or 4 ft. tall and 180 lbs. avoir dupois; that makes no difference, there is only the one coat and hat and need I add—"You wear that coat and hat."

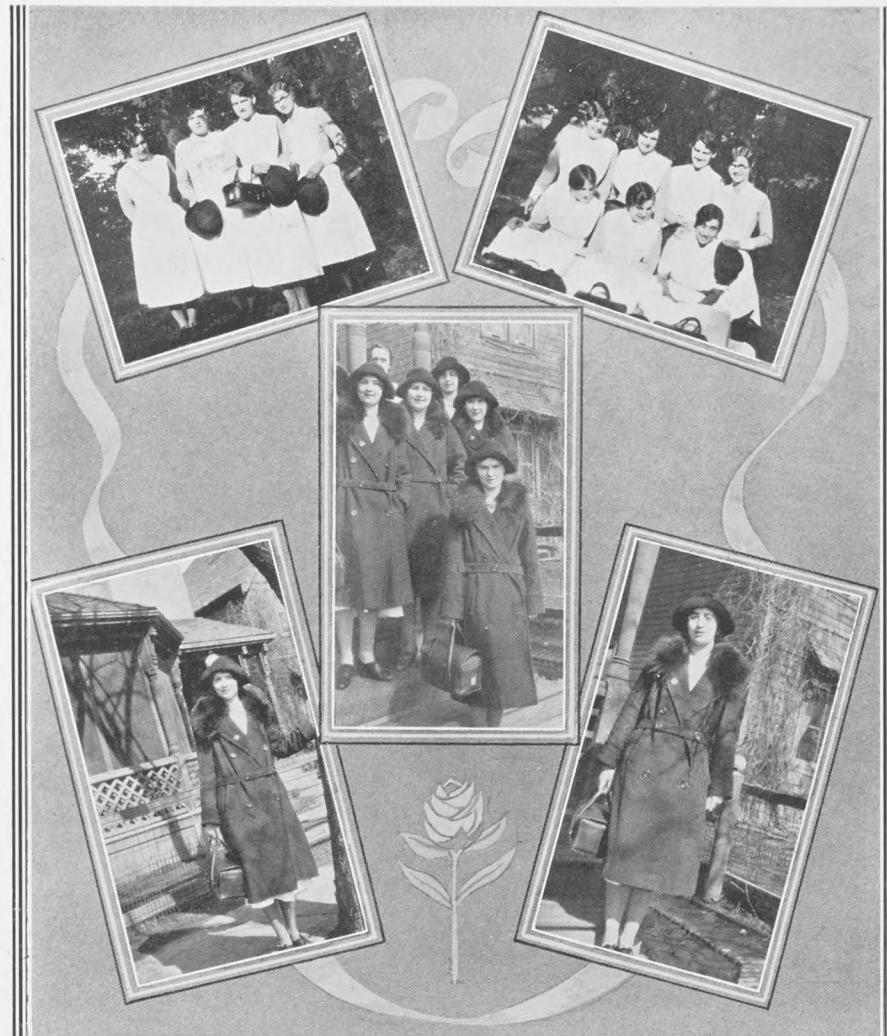
The next morning you will be initiated into the mysteries of the "little black bag" and later will sally forth accompanied by one of the staff nurses to make your first round of visits. Your duties are explained and after dinner you are sent out to find your way alone.

Sometimes we have great difficulty in finding our patient and may have to play at Sherlock Holmes. I well remember how on one occasion one of the girls finished up in a beer parlor. She did not stay long, however, for she was politely told to get out.

The open air life proves of benefit to all. You travel considerably by Shank's Pony—keeping one eye on the lookout for a passing doctor's car. Some of the doctors always pick us up and it certainly is appreciated. There are others, however, who, we think, must have a very jealous wife at home, for they pass us by, both eyes straight ahead.

In these few words it would be impossible to describe the work carried on by the Mission. It is almost entirely amongst the poorer people of the city, or those unable to help themselves. The joy which each worker may receive as she goes from house to house nursing the sick, helping the aged, comforting the sad, cheering the lonely, is a joy appreciated only by one entering in the capacity of a nurse.

*"Only a smile in passing,  
Or a chance word kindly said;  
Only a hand laid softly  
On a burning, aching head;  
Yet these little kindly actions  
Will make life happier be  
Remembering the "Master's sayings—  
'Inasmuch—ye have done it to Me.,'*



## Out Patients' Department and Social Service

**9**F anyone asks me where the busiest place in the hospital is I shall immediately reply, "Below stairs," and I shall also hasten to assure him that first impressions are not always reliable, for certainly that thing which shall strike him most forcibly on venturing below stairs is the fearfully malodorous effluvium which will issue therefrom and assail his possibly sensitive nostrils.

Now, there is also a babel of sound; a clatter of many tongues, Slavonic, Tuetonic, Scandinavian; the varied dialects of old England—her slow deliberate Yonks and Lancs, her Tynside, her pertinent Cockney, and breaking out here and there a canny phrase or so of Scots—a 'wheen flavored wi' paraffin ile (you'll allow is the correct word.) You can take it from us that the combined forces of this little lot can deliver a fearful, cheerful shock to the senses, auditory, and as before mentioned, olfactory which is hard to beat.

Our visitor is certain to be attracted by the queue at the desk, between the individual members of which one can occasionally obtain a glimpse of a certain kind face, a nodding head, and catch a few words of interested inquiry into affairs at home—"not working," the too frequent sad reply, and the queue ambles on to find its seat on the patient benches, for never in my life have I seen anything that looked so resigned as those benches in O.P.D.

Then let us not forget the pre-eminent P (and this does not stand for policeman) who dashes about gaily, unconcerned, generally believed to take an armful of charts to bed with him, always obliging, always helpful, and has a horror or excitement although living in its midst.

Opposite this desk with its interminable queue, one can obtain light refreshment at reasonable cost, and a close-up of our handsome staff or at least some of its handsomest, to say nothing of the brightest and best of our boys, each with his shining morning face, his spotless pants (on which he has not wiped his buttery fingers) and his eye fixed delicately or otherwise on the "gal" behind the counter, while he disposes of the butterscotch pie.

At frequent intervals a harassed student nurse dashes from a doorway and calls for Mr. Wonkill, Pelsudskie or others. The individual in question not forthcoming, she tries again pronouncing a little

differently—so she bandies about the accent on the syllables till at last he shuffles forward wearing a mildly surprised, even an injured air. She grasps him, drags him into an inner sanctum and after considerable dumb show retires—returning later to find him scrupulously washing his face and hands. Well! life is like that—one asks for a specimen and is assured that it was a heart specialist the patient desired to interview.

The Great Men sit at their desks and patiently interrogate their motley patients; that is, in the intervals during which they are waiting for the interpreter, for whom one can find no word of praise sufficiently extravagant, realizing how greatly does the demand exceed the supply. These clever little people are here, there, and everywhere, switching from one tongue to another as easily as turning a giddy gramophone record, and amidst all this turmoil the staff nurses sweep to and fro.

Just around the corner there is the Admitting Office, where dwells a beloved face and an ever gracious tongue, and close beside, the famous Casualty where first field dressings are applied, teeth extracted, plaster casts repatched, haemorrhage checked and the cravings of the dope addict appeased for the time being.

The Social Service has been mentioned elsewhere and far be it from me to attempt to describe to you the enormous amount of work that these tireless Samaritans accomplish, within a year, or the far-reaching results of that work for the poor and the lowly—"Unto the least of these My brothers." The total number of cases dealt with in 1930 equalled 10,369, the total number of visits made amounting to 3,619. Seventy-eight patients were supplied with clothing, 271 with carfare, and 73 cases transferred to other agencies.

Our S.S.D. works splendidly in co-operation with other agencies in this city, and cases are carefully recorded and followed up, provision being made to help the other members of the family. Direct contacts with the patient at the clinic are far more beneficial to that patient when an endeavor is made to follow up and reinstate him in a more desirable environment than that from which he came.

The S.S.D. is splendidly officered by Miss Pollexfen and staff, and enthusiastically backed by the whole hospital staff, the Junior League, and various other city organizations.



## *Psychopathic*

A REFUGE for the mentally sick, it stands austere apart and gives the impression that it is on tiptoe, eyes unwinking, staring hard at something, maybe you.

Before taking our training there, we speculated a good deal amongst ourselves as to the type of patient they had over there; if they would think much about anything, and how they thought, if they did think; how they felt about things and how we would feel if it was us, and so on; but I fear that woeful ignorance prevailed until we were given our lectures with lucid explanation of these things.

When Miss —— is posted for Psycho, she makes her tremulous way through the rabbit-run on that first Monday morning with a sinking heart and feeling of trepidation; she feels certain, in spite of the assurance of old hands, that there are orderlies simply swarming all over the building, that she is to be pounded to a jelly 'ere sets the sun, and why did she leave home anyway?

Surely the kindest of staffs greet her and she is given keys—clinking warningly, and given a stern impression of responsibility.

The work is not hard, no, it is not, but does the dust ever find time to settle? So vigorously does she chase it around, so carefully does she flatten her pillows and mathematically correct the corners of her beds, and her printing, formerly a

minor matter, comes now to the fore, as nervously she draws each letter in the correct proportion to its adjacent neighbors; also this little matter of spelling, even the most appalling of 'owskis or 'chuks, the same way each time (usually a matter of making it look the same). There is also much practice for her in discovering new ways of saying the same thing, and the chance of a lifetime to enrich her vocabulary with words sufficiently choice for the most fussy bargee.

There is lots of fun, too, when everyone gathers in the crow's nest to while away an hour with cards or dance to the tune of the merry old gramophone, and the interest of watching the gradual return from the shadowy lands to normal intelligence. The care of the sad and the merry, the vague and the self-assertive, the shadowy and the calorfully chaotic imaginative.

Any old stockings to mend? You bet, we have, plenty of them, lets sit down and do it now before supper. We feel like raw recruits in the police force, but such merry recruits.

Eight very profitable weeks, having made good friends among the patients and having our liking for the staff developed into a very sincere respect as the passage of time allows for riper acquaintance. Let us go out with a deeper understanding and sympathy without which our future careers must be barren and void.





*The Internes' Interesting Evening*

KLASSY Konkin was host that night  
 Down by the old stock yards,  
 Where Happy Hunter served lemonade  
 And Mighty Moyer stood on guard.

Wistful Wiglesworth was rolling the bones  
 With Celestial Cram on the floor;  
 But when Debonaire Dennison joined the game  
 They were sunk for evermore.

Elegant Edmison was singing bass  
 In the quivering quartet of five,  
 And Bothersome Botterell's melodious tenor  
 Made them happy to be alive.

Upon his melodeon de luxe  
 Cuddlesome Cooper played a tune  
 And Masterful Marteinsson's heart was light  
 As he gaily danced about the room.

Commendable Clarke said, "Boys, let's stop,  
 The party's getting rough."  
 But Swanky Swaffield staggered forth—  
 'Boys—I haven't had 'nough!"

Willing Williams was telling yarns  
 Merry MacKenzie blushed to hear,  
 But Carefree Carleton told one better  
 And made Hopeless Howden plug his ear.

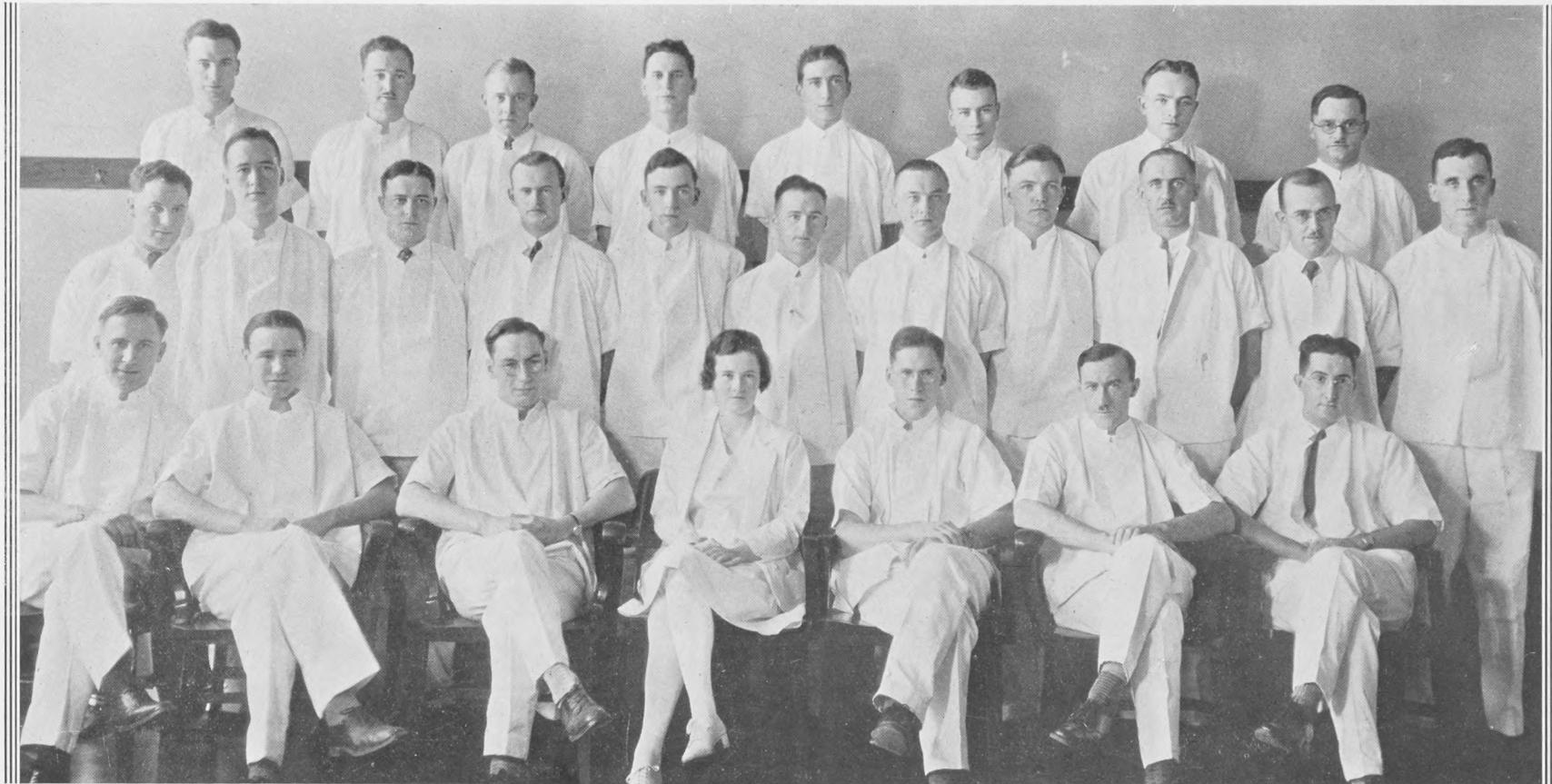
Stocky Stevens was blowing up balloons,  
 Perky Peterson throwing 'round confetti,  
 But poor Bashful Bleeks was very sad  
 For he missed his little—Susan.

Maidenly Mathewson sat quite still  
 At this table of solemn faces  
 When suddenly the party was broken up  
 Angelic Andreas held five aces!

Huffy Hamlin walloped Darling Duncan  
 Quite hard upon the wrist,  
 As Devilish Dunlop grabbed Cutey Cope  
 And gave his nose an awful twist.



INTERNES



BACK ROW—C. K. Bleeks, J. B. Cram, H. Peterson, R. Hunter, M. Edmison, F. Wiglesworth, C. Clark, E. Moyer.  
CENTRE ROW—W. Dunlop, W. Clark, G. C. Stevens, F. Mathewson, A. Duncan, M. Carleton, J. Andreas,  
H. Martinson, J. H. Dennison, R. Cooper, H. E. Bottrell.  
FRONT ROW—A. Konkin, D. McKenzie, A. Howden, Isabel Little, G. Hamlin, G. W. Cope, W. R. Swaffield.

## *Student Government*

**C**O the lowly members of the Probation Class, a position on the Council may loom large and significant, and be a coveted thing, but after one has spent a year or so in the home and understands just what problems and duties confront these members, one is happy to remain a mere student nurse.

Our present Council have proved themselves efficient in the matter of late leaves, proctoring, late-for-prayers, etc., much to our sorrow at times. Their success is due largely, however, to the splendid co-operation and support of the whole student body, without which their lot would be a very unhappy one. Fortunately for them, the school realizes that the few rules and regulations which come from the

Council are adopted only with the welfare of all in mind.

The interest shown by our Lady Superintendent in the Council has done much to encourage them, too. She makes it a point to be present after every meeting to discuss problems and the stand taken by the Council and to give any advice needed. We have much to thank her for.

The present Council will soon be one of the past and we hope their successors will meet with the same kindness and support shown this one and that they too will feel that it has indeed been an honor to serve their school.

<i>President</i> .....	ELIZABETH PARKER
<i>1st Vice-President</i> .....	CHRISTENA TAYLOR
<i>2nd Vice-President</i> .....	JOYCE GOODWIN
<i>Secretary</i> .....	LEONA BRATT
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	MERAM GEMMEL
<i>Social Convenor</i> .....	IRENE WHITE
<i>Library Convenor</i> .....	MYRTLE BOWMAN
<i>S.C.M. Representative</i> .....	OLIVE DENNISON
GRACE McCONAGHY	UNA FOTHERINGHAM
DOROTHY MCKENZIE	GRACE JOHNSON
OLIVE THOMAS	



MRS. J. S. HARRY,  
*Critic*

M. BOWMAN,  
*Assistant Editor*

A. SIGBJORNSON,  
*Features*

D. LONGMORE,  
*Circulation*

I. WHITE,  
*Advertising*

M. DAVIDSON,  
*Photography*

## Staff of "Blue & White"

*"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances."*

FOR three years we have been learning our parts, and now the time has come to make our bows and take our exits.

While we were "finding our steps" and generally learning how little we really knew, what insignificant atoms "in the scheme of things entire," let us not forget all we owe to the Doctors, who of their vast knowledge and experience, bore with us, and forbore to say the things they might; the Staff of the Training School, whose posting of "Changes" moved us around, as Pawns in the Game of Life;

the Superintendent of Nurses who, after Canute, marked "thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" and our own inimitable Miss McGilvray.

Each and all, in their turn, gave us the necessary helping hand, and though each succeeding year may bring to them fresh "raw recruits," yet is it only once given to each "Graduate" to go through the awful "first days" and the various fears and agonies, to emerge at last "pinned and diploma'd," going through "last days," three years older, and we hope, something wiser.



C. TAYLOR,  
*Editor-in-Chief*



A. GILBERT,  
*Business Manager*

THE GLEE CLUB



*Executive*

Manager	MISS K. ROSS
President	SYLVIA BIRD
Vice-President	OLIVE DENNISON
Secretary-Treasurer	DORIS PARSONS
LIBRARIAN	MISS ROBERTS
Asst. Librarian	ANNIE BILLINKOFF

## *The Nurses' Glee Club*

FOR seven years the Nurse's Glee Club has been one of the most outstanding student activities. If it were not for Mr. Stanley Osborne's untiring efforts and cheerful patience, we would never have enjoyed such a happy and, we hope, successful year.

We cannot sufficiently express our thanks to Miss Ross, our dearly loved manager. We appreciate so much the time and energy she has expended upon us all.

Our annual concert, which takes place in April, is expected to be the best that has ever been held.

The Club is looking forward with great anticipation to the excitement of the Manitoba Musical Festival, in which we compete with several well known Winnipeg choirs. Needless to say, our ambition is to bring honor to our school and Mr. Osborne by winning the much coveted shield.

## The Nurses' Home

ON lieu of waiting for the Perfect Life, the nurses of the Winnipeg General Hospital have done their utmost to create one in their Home. Immediately upon entering, one is impressed with the geniality and easy home-like atmosphere emanating from the spacious reception-room. Endowed with numerous chesterfields and illuminated with softly glowing lights, it radiates peace and quietude. It is here that the various classes entertain the friends, and their popular dances prove enviable to all those ineligible to attend the function.

Mrs. Hutsell, capably manages the Home during the day and is relieved by Mrs. Keith officially our evening matron, and one presenting a welcoming word to all those entering the Home.

The Infirmary, although no one is pleased to anticipate a stay there, inculcates one with its bright, clean and cool atmosphere, invariably connected with a sick-room. Mrs. Grant Millar, efficiently caring for the indisposed nurses during the day time, finds her post filled by Miss Matheson at night.

The Home, possessed of every modern facility, boasts a swimming pool. Very few people can realize what delight it creates, to be able to take a plunge whenever one is so inclined in the fresh, buoyant waters of an inviting pool. Hot and cold showers, locker rooms, diving board, and all the little intricacies, complete the picture of a perfect place to bathe.

Our dining-room exhibits a wholesome appearance. The mural design is uni-colored, and the bracket lights at regular intervals cast an enticing look on the damask covered tables, each set for eight. The meals are prepared in Joe Maus kitchen, and appetizingly arranged and added to by our dietition, Miss Pearson, to whom we owe a great deal for the improvement of our cuisine and its dietary perfections.

Lastly, but by far the least of importance in the Home, is the library. The room itself is decorated with chintz drapes and chesterfields, and adequately lighted by standard lamps and reading lights. Large easy chairs and intriguing window seats accentuate the coziness of the room, while the predominating silence is conducive to concentrated study and uninterrupted reading. Professional pamphlets, the daily news, and various current magazines are kept on the tables. Well filled shelves line the walls where books referring to, and instructive in the profession of nursing, are kept. This year, owing to the generosity of Dr. Stephens, we were able to start our much longed for fiction department, which has had its share in making this the most popular room in the Home. Presiding here and ready to help at all times in the finding of elusive reference books, is Miss Dunwoodie, assisted by Miss Black. What more could one ask for in a home such as this?

We are content.



"Those little white lies"



## Student Christian Movement

OUR S.C.M. grows slowly but surely. This year our attendance has improved and especially among the Junior members of the School.

The Officers for the year are:

Honorary President	MISS K. ELLIS
President	OLIVE DENNISON
Vice-President	OLIVE THOMAS
Secretary	DORIS PARSONS
Treasurer	JULIA MOODY

Our meetings are held as previously on the first and third Thursday of each month. This year we commenced a Study Group under the leadership of Miss Mildred Ried, former Honorary President, on the subject, "Jesus and the Records." In these studies the girls have been most enthusiastic and have carried from each study a keener appreciation of the Bible and its influence on our lives from day to day.

Outside speakers in the persons of Mr. Harry Avison, Secretary for the Western Provinces, and Miss Campbell, Secretary of the Canadian Auxiliary of the Zenna Bible and Medical Mission, have kept us in touch with outside activities.

The delegate to the Jasper Conference last year was Miss Ivy Webster who brought back to us a report full of inspiration and encouragement, also a vivid description of each day's travel and activity.

Before Christmas a Silver Tea was held, the proceeds amounting to \$25.00. In March a very successful bazaar and tea was held in the Reception Room of the Nurses Home, which realized \$170.00. From this fund \$100 was sent to maintain the bed and cot in the Medical Mission, India.

We wish to extend our appreciation to Miss Ellis for her help and keen interest in all our undertakings.

*"My life may touch a million lives  
 In some way ere I go  
 From this dear world of struggle  
 To the land I do not know;  
 So this the wish I always wish,  
 The prayer I always pray,  
 May my life help the lives it touches by the way."*

—ANON.

*Social*

**S**o the learning and work, much has been said and written elsewhere, of the School. At this moment let us turn back to the lighter and social side of life as lived in our Nurses' Home in our three years.

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To speak of many things."*

Though it is possible to have been in residence for some time, it really takes the first year dance, held on St. Patrick's Day, to bring all the strangers together. 'Tis said St. Patrick was a "gentleman," and that night he does his duty, for all are friendly.

Before the next event comes along there is much worry and discussion over decorations. By this time we speak of "Our Home" and "Our Class," so we proceed now to "Our" Second Year dance—of St. Valentine's Day—which was very successful and brought us a display of tap dancing as illustrated by Marion Davidson and Dorothy Park.

And then our Farewell Party to the Graduating Class of 1930. This time the Home was decorated as though aboard ship. The entrance made everyone truly "walk the plank" in the best style—all complete with gangway, rope handrail, hurricane lamp—an office for the "Purser," and lights shaded with very good "portholes" of "cabin" quality.

One "wondered" whence came the "life belts"?

The sign of the "BAR" was very good—though it ended by being only a good sign! !—Rumor hath it the "Punch" was uncommonly fine.

Sylvia Bird, in fitting costume, gave us a dashing Sailor's Hornpipe, and had to respond to encores.

There was a class song and a class yell—at times deafness can be an advantage—and, all in all, a very merry evening.

Then—with mysterious atmosphere—came the "All Hallowe'en" dance, and weird and wonderful costumes. It were kinder to omit details, for amongst Chef of Chefs, Trubadour, etc., etc., were many

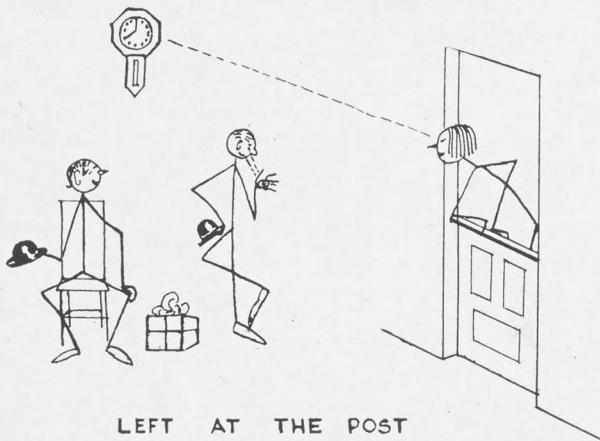
who would be hard put to say what they were themselves, save "jolly folks" out for fun.

The Internes Stunt, Young Lochinvar, with its once-seen-never-to-be-forgotten horse, deserves honorable mention.

Altogether a "Happy Time."

Our New Year dance, with all the Christmas spirit and goodwill to men, marked the end of activities for 1930.

Soon the curtain goes up on our last scene, and we are the "Compleat Graduates" with a record of dances, several class parties—toboggan tally-ho, etc., and with special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. McKay, Kildonan (mother of our own Mildred) for their many enjoyable evenings at their home—we present to you a summary of social life of school as we spent our three years. Long to look forward to, quick in passing, and much to look back upon. Adieu!



LEFT AT THE POST

Any night at the home.

*Sports Page*

THE years 1930-31 have seen great advancement in sport activities. Much of this success we owe to the annual gift of Mr. Symington, to Dr. McLeod for the Medical College, also to the whole-hearted interest shown by Miss Ellis and S. Council.

TENNIS—We are fortunate in having two well-kept courts. These courts are almost constantly in use during summer and fall months. Tournaments have stimulated interest in this active sport.

SWIMMING—Summer and winter our pool is in use. Under the able management of the Pool Committee many girls have benefitted by the swimming classes.

BADMINTON—Many an enjoyable evening has been spent on the courts. New birdies, rackets and a net have been purchased. Tournaments held the interest of players.

BASKETBALL—One night a week has been given to our basketball players. We have learned that the girls excell in "sock-er" as well as basketball.

SKATING—Our never tiring winter sport. Beginners were not the only ones who received hard knocks from our ice. Our little boys in white, we ask you to come earlier and stay longer. We appreciate your assistance in making this activity a success.

OUTDOOR—The centre of attraction here has been tobogganing and hiking. River Park toboggan slides are keen, but their hot dogs are better. There is a nip in the air for everyone who indulges in these active frolics.



*The Pool*



## The Class Will

DR. C. HUNTER—A private Path. Lab.  
 DR. MANN—A free air machine.  
 DR. BURNS—One night without calls.  
 DR. J. R. DAVIDSON—More vitamins to play with.  
 DR. MCFETRIDGE—An audience.  
 DR. W. W. MUSGROVE—A steady hand.  
 DR. MCIVOR—Varicose veins.  
 DR. T. G. HAMILTON—A pair of "stays."  
 DR. D. MCINTYRE—'Robert!'  
 DR. A. C. ABBOTT— }  
 DR. W. F. ABBOTT— } Brotherly co-operation.  
 DR. T. H. BELL—A staff scrub nurse.  
 DR. BOYD—A gall bladder in formalin.  
 DR. WARNER—Specimens on time.  
 DR. O. WAUGH—A daughter for a change.  
 DR. GARDNER—Sunshine and roses.  
 DR. HERBERT—Miniature Golf in O.R.  
 DR. MCCANN—An acute case.  
 DR. L. G. BELL—A course in Pelmanism.  
 DR. R. R. SWAN—Good wishes.

DR. R. OLSON—A full length phrenic nerve.  
 THE HOLLOWBERGS—Fewer family quarrels.  
 DR. W. A. MURRAY—Pep.  
 DR. S. B. WALKER—A private coffee room.  
 DR. S. CAMPBELL—A Blooming rose.  
 DR. J. C. MCMILLAN— }  
 DR. D. WHEELER— } Prettier pictures.  
 DR. D. NICHOLSON—Fairytale books.  
 DR. A. T. MATHERS— }  
 DR. W. M. MUSGROVE— } Nut crackers.  
 DR. LESLIE—  
 DR. COAD—Fractures with interesting quirks.  
 DR. GALLOWAY—Modern lecture slides.  
 DR. R. BLACK—A revised vocabulary.  
 DR. MCLEAN—Thorlakson and what-have-you, more confederates.  
 DR. GIBSON—Another stool.  
 DR. MACCHARLES—A radio that plays.  
 DR. LEHMANN—An even temper and a tranquil mind.  
 DR. BRANDSON—More American ideas.



## *The Class Will*

DR. D. S. MCKAY—A tighter britchen on his pink petticoat.  
 DR. CADHAM—Rusty bugs.  
 DR. W. E. CAMPBELL—A nurse who is easy to look at.  
 DR. G. FLETCHER—Sharp chisels.  
 DR. STEFANSSON—A perfect eye.  
 DR. RORKE—That little white box-full!  
 DR. GILMORE—“Silence!—please!”  
 DR. COPPINGER—Our admiration.  
 DR. FAHRNI—A buttonhook.  
 DR. BURRIDGE—Heart’s ease.  
 DR. HART—That school girl complexion.  
 DR. MACDONALD—Nurses with medical minds.  
 DR. J. D. MCEACHERN—More cigarettes and coffee in O.P.D.  
 DR. G. SIMPSON—Only pediatrics.  
 DR. PROWSE—Good health.  
 DR. WASHINGTON—Our discarded balloons.

DR. A. SWAN—A cupboard for his unmentionables.  
 DR. E. ALEXANDER—Continued success when he returns.  
 DR. WEBSTER—A body guard for his gas machine.  
 DR. AIKENHEAD—Aesthetic spines.  
 DR. DAVIDSON—A pair of O.R. pants and coat.  
 DR. NEILSON—A comfortable anaesthetic stool.  
 DR. BORTHWICK—Another E. & E. O.R.  
 DR. GRANT—An anaesthetic mallet.  
 DR. KITCHEN—A loud speaker.  
 DR. MITCHELL—Television for night calls.  
 DR. MCQUEEN—Changelings.  
 DR. MCGUINNESS—Babies that arrive according to “Hoyle.”  
 DR. BJORNSON—The season’s greetings.  
 DR. ARTHUR—Happy nights.  
 DR. GUNN—An electrical scrub nurse in high gear.  
 DR. BENNER—Our respect.



## *The Class Will*

DR. C. H. MACCHARLES—Bright internes and efficient nurses.  
 DR. MCGEE—A perfect pair of tonsils.  
 DR. MORSE } Arrowroot Biscuits.  
 DR. R. D. FLETCHER }  
 DR. JOBIN—Our appreciation.  
 PSYCHO STAFF—Grapefruit.  
 DR. F. A. SMITH—More radium.  
 DR. SARA—MELTZER—A successful P.G.  
 DR. F. M. TURNER—Fewer chronics.  
 DR. A. N. MCLEOD—A peaceful summer.  
 DR. H. MCKAY— }  
 DR. A. M. DAVIDSON— } The skin you love to touch  
 DR. G. STEPHENS—More economical nurses—like us.  
 MISS ELLIS—A good impression.  
 MISS GRANT—“Esprit de corps.”  
 MISS WIGGINS—Orange blossoms.  
 MISS MCGILVRAY—Elevators that elevate.  
 MISS JOHNSON—Roller skates.  
 MISS E. TAYLOR—A medal for diplomacy.  
 MRS. HARRY—Special postal rates to “South Bend.”

DR. BOTTERELL—A successful year in the East.  
 DR. COOPER—Rubber heels.  
 DR. DUNLOP—Adventures in contentment.  
 DR. PETERSON—His heart's desire.  
 DR. CRAM—More light-hearted moments.  
 DR. COPE—A career.  
 DR. BLEEKS—Health, wealth and happiness.  
 DR. STEVENS—A guaranteed reducing diet.  
 DR. DENNISON—Variety in all things.  
 THE JUNIOR INTERNES—Good luck in their Dominion Councils.  
 DR. LITTLE—A large private nursery—with our love.  
 OUR SUPERVISORS—Our thanks.  
 OUR INSTRUCTRESSES—Our note-books.  
 CLASS 1932—Our shoes.  
 CLASS 1933—Our case studies.  
 CLASS 1934—Our good name.  
 MR. APPLEBY—All our pay after 1932.  
 PADDY—Our love.  
 PETE AND ALEC—A cup of tea.

SONG No. 1

(Tune: "Tipperary")

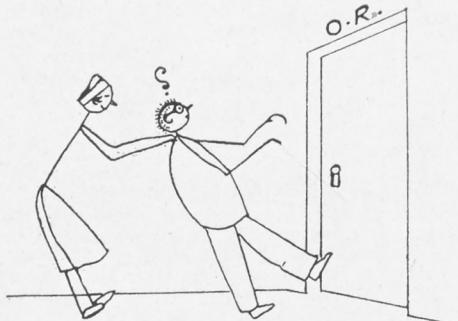
Up to mighty Winnipeg I journeyed one fine day,  
A maiden from the country side, as fresh as flowers in  
May,  
Wondering what easy job I'd find with lots of pay,  
So I thought to be a nurse would be the surest way.

*Chorus:*

It's a long way to graduation,  
It's a tough way to hoe,  
It's a long way to graduation, and the hardest job  
we know;  
We get up in the morning, and we can't stay up  
at night;  
It's a long way to graduation, but we'll get there  
alright.

Back into my country town, I travelled one fine day,  
For to show the simple folk a nurse so wild and gay,  
Thinking I could get a job, where I could use my head—  
But jobs I found were hard to get, so I'm milking  
cows instead.

*Chorus:*—It's a long way to graduation, etc., etc.



Never allow a doctor to enter the O.R. until properly gowned.

SONG No. 2

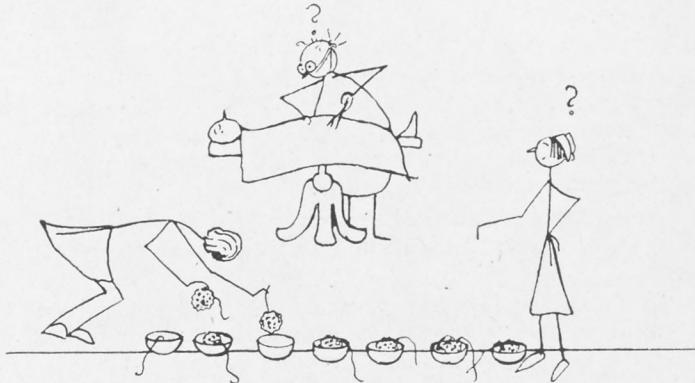
If we come in late at night—  
They never let it pass,  
Even though we tell them that—  
We just ran out of gas;  
And so we have to be on time although we like to step.  
To see us work, you'd never guess that  
We had so much pep.

If a nurse should break a syringe  
They take it off her pay;  
Oh we know the T.S.O. think that's the only way.  
They think it makes us careful, but as far as I can see,  
It only keeps us poor at least, that's all it did to me.

SONG No. 3

Do you ken the girls in the blue and white,  
Do you ken the girls who are merry and bright,  
Do you ken the girls who get up at night  
And come down stairs to prayers in the morning;  
For the sound of the bell wakes me from my bed  
And I put on my clothes ere the sky is red;  
And my cap is askew on the back of my head,  
When I come down to prayers in the morning.

Do you ken the girls who are sometimes blue,  
Do you ken the girls who have nought to do?  
Do you ken that they stay in the whole night through,  
When they don't get to prayers in the morning.  
For I got up at seven, when I overslept  
And the T.S.O. my late leave has kept,  
And I felt so bored I almost wept,  
When I didn't get to prayers in the morning.



Never suspect a doctor of losing a sponge unless you are absolutely certain. Doctors are usually sensitive on this little matter. Also the patient, if he happens to learn of it.

Superintendent of Nurses,  
Winnipeg General Hospital.

Dear Madam:

Are you in need of a real, wide awake, up on her toes girl to take charge of the operating rooms, or to act as a head nurse in any of your many wards?

Why, of course, you are.

Well, you do not need to worry any more, because I am the very girl that you are looking for.

Naturally you will want to know something about me, and, while self-praise is no recommendation, I feel that you really must be told the truth.

First of all I must tell you that I am a GRADUATE of the Winnipeg General Hospital. You know what that means. This in itself should satisfy even the most fastidious.

You should know that I am under seventy years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. high and just a nice size around the waist.

I always thought that I was good looking until I took my turn in the operating room. There, oh! horrors, I shudder every time I think of it. They actually put a mask over my face, so that the patients could be put to sleep without unpleasant thoughts.

Am quite an athlete, have never been marked when coming in at night. This should be quite an asset in case of fire.

In fact I am always punctual. I have never been known to be late for a turkey dinner, had about fifteen during the last Christmas season.

March 5th, 1931.

I am a very good storekeeper. On one occasion I was unjustly accused of being eleven pairs of forceps short, but after the patients' dressings had been changed the following day it was found that all (forceps) were present. My honor was vindicated.

You will find that I am easily pleased, as far as the inner woman is concerned. If I do not like the meals I fully understand the uses of the refrigerators on the private wards. Then again I can always eat out.

Salary with me is no object. I have become quite accustomed to monthly cheques in the order of six dollars, and find that I can get along nicely on a small stipend. If it should be too large one is tempted to spend too much. Really, rather than see the General Hospital show an annual deficit I might even consider five dollars per month.

Now, Miss Ellis, just as soon as you need me, let me know and I will forward you my address.

In the mean time Cheerio Kiddo.

Yours sincerely,

P.S.—I do not really care if you give me a job or not, but just pass my letter on to Dr. Stephens, so that when you leave he may know where to find your successor.

THE BATTLE

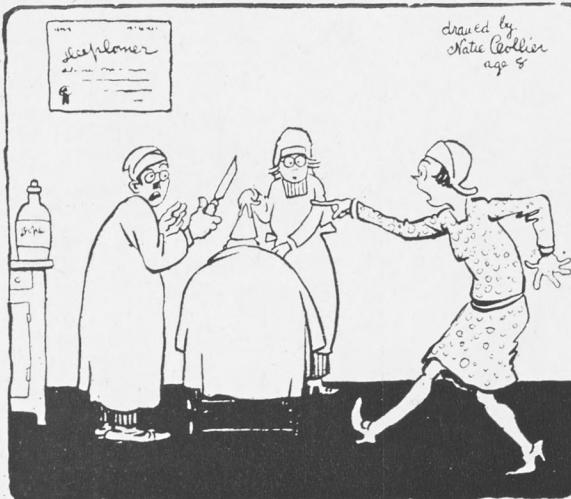
An appendix was sleeping,  
So cozy and tight;  
Up galloped a microbe,  
Just wanting a fight.  
The appendix responded  
With might and with main,  
Causing its owner  
A queer kind of pain.

Away to the doctor,  
All filled up with fear,  
Who poked up his tummy—  
Took blood from his ear;  
Then turning around  
Said in tones very wise  
"Your appendix, dear sir,  
We'll have to excise."

They dressed him in stockings,  
Queer shaped, yet quite warm;  
They gave him a couple  
Of shots in the arm;  
They put a queer rubber thing  
Over his nose—  
The smell that assailed him  
Smelt not like a rose.

The appendix and microbe,  
In the midst of their strife,  
Were rudely disturbed  
By a very sharp knife;  
The surgeon removed them  
In a very great hurry—  
"There, there, sir, it won't ever  
Cause you more worry."

The appendix and microbe,  
They put in a dish,  
And gave them some fluid  
To swim in—like a fish.  
And now they are feeling  
Quite chastened at last  
Swimming in formalin  
Over at Path.



Patient's wife—"What do you mean opening my male!"

The moral, my friends,  
Now pay very good care,  
That your appendix and microbes  
Don't get up in the air.  
But if it should happen  
And you should feel sick,  
Make haste to the General  
Where they'll make you well quick.

THAT ORFUL O.R.

Brawny Brandson scampering along,  
Heard Naughty Neilson sing,  
And Flighty Fletcher passed right out  
When Giddy Gunn danced the highland fling.

Lovable Lehmann laughed aloud  
At Happy Hillsman's pranks,  
And Woozy Webster tripped and fell  
Right over his oxygen tanks.

Manly MacCharles was telling jokes  
And Goofy Gardner had a thirst—  
But Whirlwind Waugh came just in time—  
But ye gods! The darned flask burst!

Affable Aikenhead threw some ether  
At Mischievous MacLean  
And Thundering Thorlakson laughingly said  
"Oh, please do that again."

Grinning Grant came prancing in  
To put a patient to sleep  
While Funny Fahrni cut the neck  
Gracious Gibson chopped his feet.

Studious Stewart was giggling aloud  
At Dandy D.S. in pink  
When Swanky Swan came swishing in  
And pushed Wily Washington into the sink.



Always help the weak and  
unfortunate with much gentle-  
ness. Do not let them bear too  
much weight upon themselves.

## HOROSCOPE

Name	Known as	Appearance	Expression	Noted for	Hobby	Ambition
Anderson, Anna	Andy	Innocent	Many and varied.	Minding her own affairs.	Catherwood.	To travel with Catherwood.
Andreas, Elizabeth	Andy	Petite	Oh, let's do something.	Baby blue eyes.	Dancing.	To go to Churchill.
Asmundson, Aldis	Azzy	Happy	Have you heard this one?	Jokes.	Washing her hair.	Nursing at Veta.
Billinkoff, Ada	Ada	Peppy	Oh, baloney!	Silk underwear.	Sports.	Unknown.
Bird, Sylvia	Bird	Elfin	Great Scott!	Singing in the bathtub.	Art and Literature.	To be a singer.
Birt, Ellen	Birt	Demure	Oh, ye-ah?	Her generosity.	Making things.	A little "Brown" house.
Bethel, Martha	Mart	Dependable	Use your own common sense.	Mothering.	Her "Mummy."	P. H. Nurse.
Blackburn, Lillias	Blackie	Angelic	You're darned right.	Her little tin box.	Hunting for "the kids."	To go to England.
Blankstein, Eva	Blankie	Breezy	Oh, my gosh!	Winning ways.	Joe.	Doubtful.
Bowman, Myrtle	Myrt	Dignified	Say, do you know what, kids?	Feeding the gang.	Christmas cards.	To do things in a big way.
Bunting, Nora	Baby Bunting	Red-hot	It just burns me up.	Swimming.	Reading.	To return North.
Casemore, Beatrice	Casey	Innocent	Lord!	Her sweet disposition.	Waiting for Sample.	A perfect future.
Campbell, Lottie	Lottie	Concerned	I'm so darn mad.	Skating on thin ice.	Fancy work.	To finish training.
Carruthers, Jean	Jean	Good natured	Oh, yes?	'Phoning Stella	Brown eyes.	P.G. in Royal Vic.
Catherwood, Wilma	Catherwood	Willowy	— ?	Dependability	Anderson.	To travel with Anderson.
Chowen, Alison	Chowen	Breezy	Oh, gad!	Her laugh.	Going out for half an hour.	To live in a small town.
Crosson, Edythe	Crosson	Reserved	My dear!	Singing.	Aviation.	A "flying" honeymoon.
Davidson, Marion	Marion	Debonair	Meow—Psst! !	Trying to get a ride home.	Driving cars.	To travel and to be able to speak 10 languages.
Dawson, Christine	Tenie	Spanish	Oh, say, kiddo!	Her figure.	Going out.	To be scrub nurse for Dr. Lehman.
Dennison, Olive	Denny	Capable	Mother, love a duck!	Her laugh.	Going home for a good meal.	
Duncan, Isabelle	Dunc	Leisurely	Did you know that—?	Minnie and Winnie.	Gossip.	
Foster, Evaline	Ev	Snappy	Cheri!	Trying to please everyone.	Going out with Stan.	
Garrett, Madeleine	Barcey	Reserved	Curses, deep curses!	Voicing her opinion.	Getting to sleep at 8 p.m.	
Gilbert, Alberta	Bert	Here I am!	Oh, my gosh!	Another joke.	Her "limousine."	
Glazer, Regena	Reg	Bohemian	Dear heart, you little devil!	Innocent blunders.	Reading	
Grundy, Elma	Grundy	Composed	My dear!	Knowing things.	Books.	
Harcus, Jessie	Harcie	Snappy	My Gosh, Aggie! ? ? ! ?	Going home.	G.Y.M.	
Hermann, Hulda	Hulda	Immaculate	Oh, go on!	Tidiness.	Clothes.	
Holden, Aldyth	Aldyth	Intriguing	Damn it!	Going places.	Her mother.	
Long, Jean	Jean	Worried	Tee-hee-hee!	Unblemished lips.	Trying to speak German.	
Low, Dorothy	Bunny	Roguish	Varied and strong.	Jokes.	Reading.	
Lovering, Dorothy	Lovey	Youthful	Say, kids!	Picking her man.	Going to Bessie's.	
Longmore, Dorothy	Dot	Roguish	Ow! for goodness sake?	Crushes.	Singing and wise cracks.	
			kids! mind you—			
Lytle, Mabel	Slim	Misleading		Hot air.	Parties.	
Malcolm, Jean	Jean	Different	Aren't you lucky?	Keeping slim.	Going out.	

HOROSCOPE - *Continued*

Name	Known as	Appearance	Expression	Noted for	Hobby	Ambition
MacLennan, Isobel	Mac	Superior	No, you're not kidding, are you?	Going out for supper.	Embroidering.	Public Health work.
McConaghay, Grace	Mac	Determined	Not printable.	Getting the girls up in the speed. [a.m.	Going out.	Scrub nurse.
McEachern, Ruth	Mickey	Scattered	Might burn this page.	Loafing.		To mother an orphanage.
McKay, Mildred	Millo	Slim	Popping kittens!	Monkey business.	"B"	Unknown.
McLean, Doris	Do	Sophisticated	Got any eggs?	Dates.	Skating on thin ice.	Nurse on an ocean liner.
Mudd, Kitty	Kitty	Mischievous	You're so good to me.	Fighting.	Balmoral.	Men with more cash and bigger [cars.
Norrie, Helen	Nell	Stubby	You're another	Her good nature.	Stringing a line.	The Suite.
Olson, Margaret	Olie	Snappy	Oh my gosh—mother!	Temper.	Another new man.	Scrub nurse.
Orton, Edith	Edith	Coquettish	Ye Gods!	A winsome smile.	On call for an M.D.	To go North.
Palsson, Palina	Polly	Pleasing	You see, its this way!	Doing things per clinic.	Dancing.	To go to B.C.
Parker, Elizabeth	Bea	Genuine	Oh, gee!	Taking the gang to Bird's	Sports.	To travel.
Petch, Ida	Ida	Jolly	No, is that right?	Being late at prayers. [Hill.	Dieting.	To go to Trail, B.C.
Pettigrew, Lillian	Lill	Efficient	Oh, gosh, no!	Her stability.	To reduce.	A specialist's assistant.
Reid, Rubelle	Rube	Compact	It's a great life if you don't	Sleeping.	A prolonged vacation	P.G. in Obstetrics.
Rice, Winnifred	Ricey	Neat	My goodness! [weaken.	Her good nature.	Writing letters.	P.G. in E. & E.
Rorke, Edith	Rorkie	Languid	I'm so tired.	Clothes.	Lunching out.	The West and Frenchy.
Ryan, Marjorie	Ryno	Impish	Censored.	Irish temper.	Getting out of scrapes.	To travel. No early trains, please.
Sample, Ada	Samp	Happy go lucky	O Heck, Kids!	Her good heartedness.	Bathing.	Bassino with Scottie.
Scott, Muriel	Scottie	Perky	Well, my gosh!	Financing the gang.	Music and skating.	Bassino.
Sigbjornson, Anna	Siggy	Interesting	My conscience!	Her smile.	Painting.	Art and Iceland.
Sinclair, Georgina	Sinc	Dreamy	Oh, that face like a can of worms!	Her feet.	Dinners out.	Obstetrical nurse.
Smith, Velma	Vel	Baffling	Give me Liberty or give me	Always getting there.	Intense travelling in "Beelize-	To live happily every after.
Stevenson, Kathleen	Kai	Proper	Oh, ye Gods! [Death.	Her brilliant ideas.	"Drum"-ming. [bub."	To travel.
Suderman, Annie	Annie	Serious	Oh, go on!	Night duty.	Mending.	To go to India.
Tarnow, Esther	Tarnow	Coquettish	I was so embarrassed.	Dates.	"Dawson."	To P.G. in E. & E.
Taylor, Christena	Chris	Happy go lucky	Hello, Molly!	Making the best of people.	The Year Book.	To keep doing things.
Thomas, Olive	Tommy	Friendly	The dear love it!	Her brother-in-law.	Class Parties.	Mission Field.
Thorvardson, Bertha	Bertha	Neat	My giddy aunt.	Car riding.	Going home.	P.G. in Surgery.
Thorvaldson, Lillian	Thorry	Concerned	My conscience!	Loyalty.	Going to Marj's.	To travel.
Turner, Vera	Vera	Innocent	For cat's sake!	Sleeping.	Catching the bus home.	To finish.
Warham, Kathleen	Kay	Refreshing	Too numerous to mention	Expressions.	Keeping out of hot water.	Alabamy bound.
Waugh, Margaret	Waugh	Windy	Oh, kids, did you hear?	Her dad's lemon pie.	Some spicy gossip.	To return to Europe.
West, Margaret	Peggy	Timid	That's my story and I'll stick	Dieting.	Breaking dates with Russ.	To step.
Windross, Iris	Windy	Sweet	Heavens! [to it.	Writing letters.	Sleeping.	To manage a manse.
White, Irene	White	Vivacious	Come on, let's go!	Infectious giggle.	Poetry.	To go to China with Harcus.



### *Intermediate Social Events*

ON the early part of November the Intermediate Year held an informal gathering in honor of Miss Ried, our former Honorary President. Various contests, games, and an original sketch, "The Ford Car," contributed to the program. The occasion was also welcomed as an opportunity for Miss Ellis to make personal acquaintance with the girls, also Miss Wicks, our present Honorary President. At the conclusion of the evening Miss Ried was presented with a pair of silver candle-sticks. "For She Is a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne" brought the enjoyable affair to an end.

The "A" Division held a most successful celebration in honor of their second anniversary at the beginning of January, in the form of a dinner at the Royal Alexandra. The Vice-Regal Suite was used for the occasion. Dancing and games occupied the remainder of a jolly evening.

Our annual dance took place on Thursday, February 12th. The rooms were gaily decorated in honor of St. Valentine. A large number of guests present were graciously welcomed by Miss Ellis, Miss McGilvray, Miss Wicks, Mrs. Grant Millar, and Miss Fotheringham. Several novelty dances, including a "Heart" supper, dance greatly added to the evening's enjoyment.

Our events have been rather few and far between, but those held have been well attended and successful, and we welcome another year which we trust shall usher in many more.

INTERMEDIATES



FIRST ROW—M. Elliott, F. Steeves, H. Martin, D. Heyes, P. Anderson, K. Marteinson, S. Tretiak, D. McKenzie, M. Pounder, E. Metcalfe, M. Arthur, U. Fotheringham, R. Brown, J. Gordon, S. Matchett.

SECOND ROW—D. Parsons, S. Fisher, E. Short, F. Rowell, J. Hewgill, M. McNeil, E. Henderson, M. Long, G. Bamforth, W. Zilm, M. Carswell, E. Helgason, G. Snyder, E. Cartmell, R. Breakey.

THIRD ROW—V. Buchdreker, M. Melville, D. Mason, B. Norton, E. McCrae, M. Yussack, C. Sorenson, D. Main, L. Miller, M. Moss, E. Young, P. Ostby, M. Leckie, M. McClure, S. Lyons, R. Gray.

FOURTH ROW—I. McIvor, L. Furney, F. Clegg, H. Griffith, H. Wilson, M. Duncan, I. Iredale, E. Shumway, M. Grandy, A. Reid, I. Crozier, K. McNair.



## Juniors

AS we expected, our Junior year has been a busy and eventful one. Lectures, studies and just getting acquainted with one another have occupied a great deal of our time. Nevertheless we have enjoyed many social gatherings. Each division had its own parties, but our first endeavor as a whole took the form of a Tally Ho. Undoubtedly the most outstanding social event of our year was the dance. It was all and more than we hoped for. As we approach the next step forward in our training we want to wish those following us all the success and happiness we found in our Junior year.

### CLASS 1933

(With apologies to Longfellow)

We come from the East and come from the West,  
In all the whole school our class we think best;  
Though some think they're rivals, we feel we have  
none

When it comes to good nurses and having great fun.

### JUNIOR WIT

Interne—"I often take an aspirin to clear my head."

Nurse—"Oh! a vacuum cleaner."

\* \* \*

In being asked for a definition of the word "brain" a bright student gave this answer: "A brain is a wonderful thing that starts working when you wake up and keeps right on going until you get to class."

\* \* \*

Is our dance going to be formal or can we wear our own clothes?

JUNIORS



BACK ROW—O. Phelps, A. Carlson, L. Lee, D. Hilton, G. Johnson, B. Gee, M. Lyons, N. Knipe, B. Amos, L. Parker, G. Kelly, D. Gillespie, B. Raber, W. Spafford.

SECOND ROW—D. Beatty, H. McLean, A. Warner, R. Moore, F. Marteinson, S. Myers, S. Johnson, K. Courtnall, E. Roberts, H. Nichol, G. Tait.

THIRD ROW—M. Gemmel, I. Barnes, V. Smith, M. Allison, A. Johnson, B. Andrews, A. Baird, G. Hunter, E. Strict,

FRONT ROW—M. Cameron, D. Muters, L. Thordarson, E. Ross, N. Ritchie, C. Baker, A. Smith, E. Roberts.



## The Prim Probies

(To ye who follow)

HAVING now won our kingly crowns, pardon us—our caps—we would record for those following some of the knowledge gained by hard experience during those eventful three months. This information is given in a helpful spirit, and is not to be used against us.

It was but a few days before we took advantage of the parcel list, so kindly posted daily, and many pleasant evenings were spent visiting those receiving parcels from home. A certain amount of disillusionment was inevitable—some did receive clothing—but generally it was found worth while. Many thanks to the originator of the list.

The Proctors. After wasting many coppers on chocolate for their delicate palates—and still losing their late leaves, something had to be done. As a result the elevator was found out of commission after 10.30—had an investigation been made, it might have been found, between the second and third floors, the door a trifle open and pouring forth were weird noises, which with slight strain were recognized as the necessary articles to give a hot-water bottle. Poor probies!

No doubt many have discovered the extension light may run under the cupboard door, and the small cupboard (last week's laundry having been removed) may be made quite habitable, thus saving the coveted 11.30.

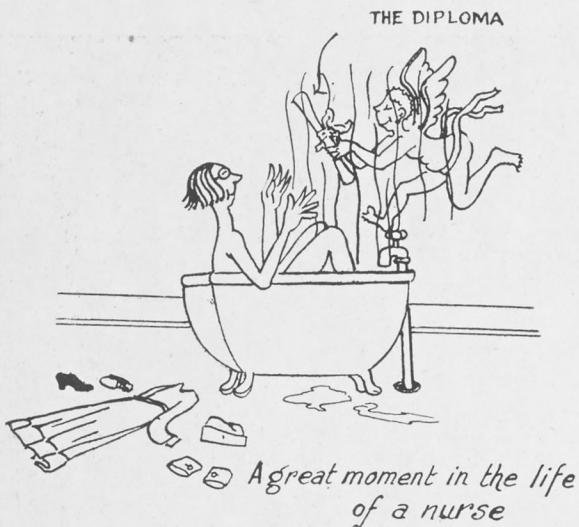
Our big problem, however, was and is, the necessity for being present at prayers at 6.30. This solution, from any more resourceful or experienced, will be most acceptable.

Suggestions appreciated at all times!

PROBATIONERS



BACK ROW—E. Swain, M. Littlewood, K. Young, M. Bennest, D. White, J. Hitchings, M. Lobb, K. Glass.  
SECOND ROW—N. Anderson, C. Torrie, I. Peacey, V. Walker, M. Kennedy, J. Abel, E. Tychiak, V. Erickson,  
E. Hunter.  
THIRD ROW—H. Eichhorst, G. Langstaff, M. Spratt, O. Shuttleworth, A. Stevenson, B. Agar, C. Irwin, B. Erickson,  
A. McCurdy.  
FRONT ROW—M. Black, E. Thompson, E. Posner, A. Billinkoff, I. Carr, E. Burnside, V. Minaker.



TUNE: "RAMONA"

Intermediates—we're always on the job on time,  
 Intermediates—we make our patients feel so fine,  
 We sponge them and tub them and bless the day they  
     came to our care,  
 We always remember to clean their teeth and comb all  
     their hair—  
 Intermediates—we'll meet again at graduation,  
 Intermediates—we'll stagger thro' our aggravation,  
 They'll dread the day when they awake and find us gone,  
 Intermediates—1-9-3-1.

FAREWELL SONG

Fare thee well, fare thee well—  
 Fare thee well, dear staff, farewell;  
 And we wish you wealth and we wish you health—  
 Fare thee well, dear staff, fare thee well;  
 And now each one please favor us  
 If we on you should call;  
 Please stand right up and make your bow  
 We ask you one and all.

CLASS YELL

One, two, three, four, five—  
 We're the class that's all alive;  
 Lots of pep, we do see fun  
 Looking forward to '31!

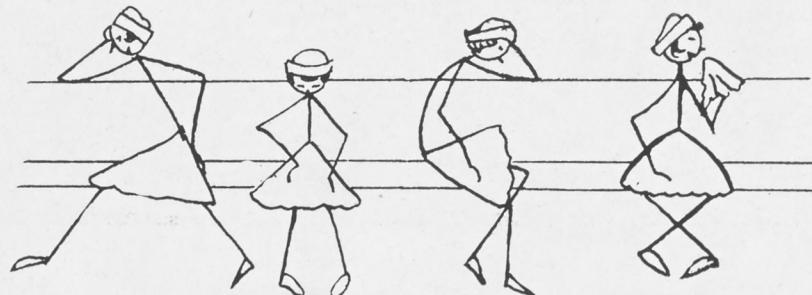
SONG No. 4

Oh the seniors—three years ago  
 Entered training—each little pro.  
 They learned to work,  
 Never learned to shirk—  
 You'd always find them Full of pep  
 And chasing all the dirt.

Oh the seniors—two years ago  
 Had learned the hardship, the trials and woe,  
 They donned the pin  
 And chevrons red  
 And patients' hearts they all did win  
 By kindness, love and vim.

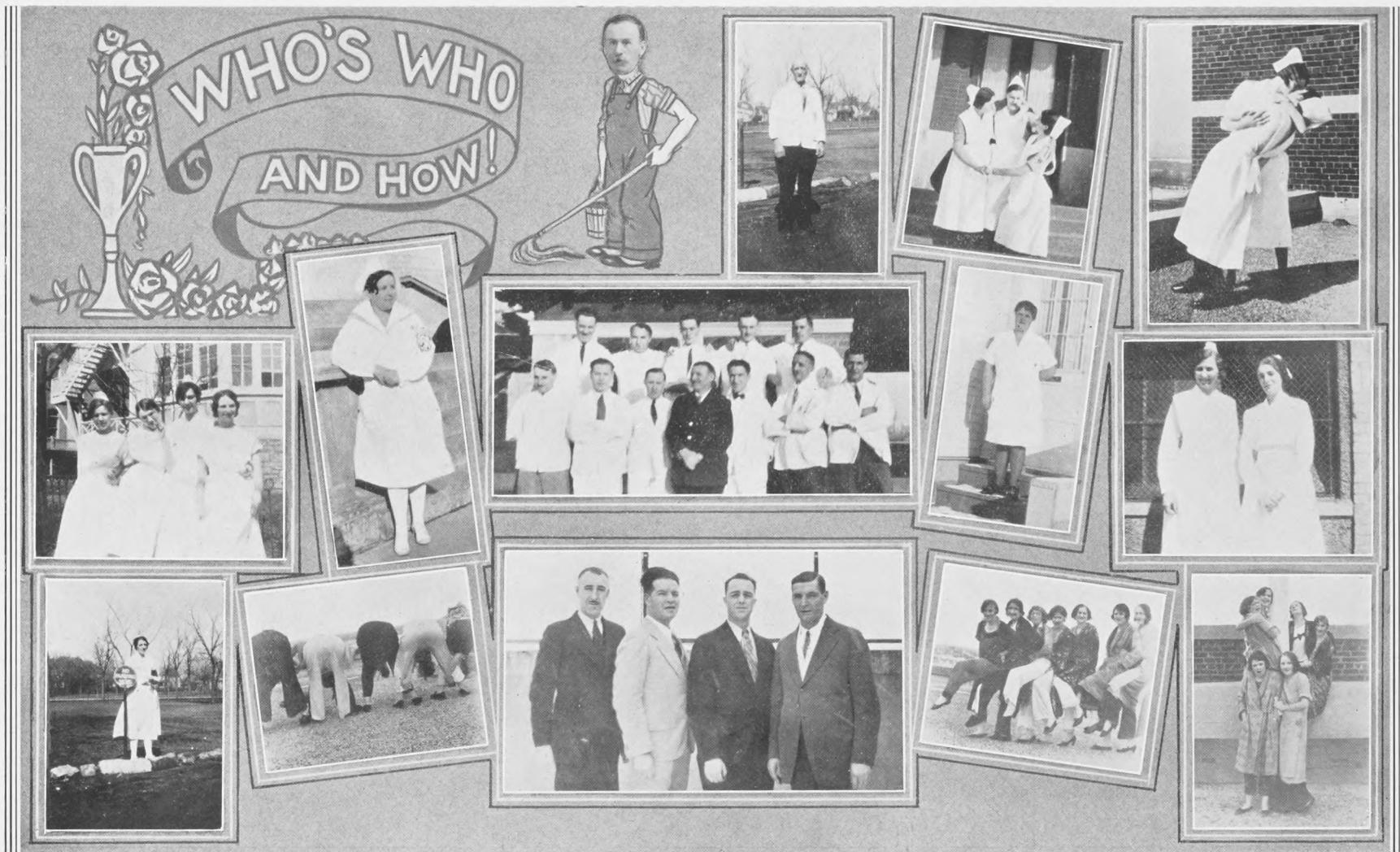
Oh the seniors—one year ago,  
 Won their short cuffs and looked just so;  
 Counted the months,  
 Then came the days,  
 Then came graduation,  
 For which every good nurse prays.

Oh the seniors—low and behold!  
 Just look them over, this little fold;  
 Each one a jewel,  
 True to the rule  
 Of happy, jolly, peppy girls,  
 That enter a training school.



There is nothing more inspiring to the lecturer than the bright-faced nurses, anxiously drinking in the knowledge he is imparting.

BLUE - AND - WHITE



## *Hello, Everybody!*

**A**BOUT the first thing I remember was an awful slap on the back, and someone said: "Come on, you son-of-a-gun, holler!" I did—but who wouldn't after a whack like that? Those big bullies made me mad. I took a peak at them and they were funny looking things—a man and a girl with their faces tied up—perhaps someone slapped them—I hope so. Anyway, they held open my eyes and dropped some stuff into them. I could have opened them, but I suppose I was stubborn, besides I was cold. They wrapped me up and put me in a little bed; it was cute and just big enough for me. After they fixed Mother up, a nice nurse oiled me all over and it was the gooeyest stuff. I howled all the time and the nurse told me to shut up, but I showed my independence! She then put me on a cold thing which moved when she let go, and I heard her say, "7 lbs. 6 oz." Then she dressed me and put me in a nice warm bed—I was comfy!

About six hours later I was awakened by someone saying: "Come, Snookums, and we'll have some supper. Did you ever see a girl that wasn't hungry? Boy! when I snuggled down beside my Mother, it was a real treat. I

guess I was too rambunctious, for Mother yelled ouch several times. I hate to be cruel, but there wasn't much milk at the filling station and I had to work hard.

The next two days were lovely, but I knew it was too good to last. A doctor stuck a needle in my heel and stood there and watched it bleed! The cruel thing! Why didn't he pick someone his own size? One day a funny looking man came into the room. He didn't wear white like the others—he had on a long black coat and the funniest whiskers. He had a hat on, too; the first hat I had ever seen. He didn't even look at me, but was very interested in the boy beside me. He took him away and must have hurt him too, because the poor kid cried all afternoon.

It's a nuisance being a new baby, everyone is so silly. After supper, just when I get to sleep, the nurse picks up my bed and carries me to the door. People try to tickle me and they say the silliest things. I'm never going to be like that when I grow up. I'm going home tomorrow, so I'm happy. I have had a nice time in the hospital, but I hope I'll never have to come back again. Bye-bye!

## Intermediate Jokes &amp; Cartoons

## LITERARY PRODUCTIVENESS

"Do you know, angel face, each night I write my thoughts down in a little book."

"Fie, fie, little rosebud, and how long has this proceeded?"

"Nigh onto foah yeahs, sugah plum."

"Gracious, and you must have the first page practically full."

\* \* \*

A flying rumor never has any trouble in making a landing.

## TEA FOR TWO

First voice on the phone: This is Jack. Do you love me, Peg?

Second Ditto: Of course, dear.

First V.O.P.: You two-timer! This is not Jack; it's Paul.

Second Ditto: You double-crosser! This is not Peg! it's Frances.

To the Medical College



Dignified Nurses



After a third opening and careful checking-up of tools, the doctor remarked, "Now you're all right for sure. I'll just sew you up again and in a week or so you'll be back at work."

"Aw, hal," groaned the unfortunate Lars, "Don't bother sewing up—just put on a button."

Nurses here to train always,  
Underneath a strain always  
No one understands  
The numerous demands  
That they put to us each day  
In every way  
In a place like this always  
There is work for us always  
Even when we're tired  
For 30c we're hired  
So we labor on always.

\* \* \*

Pneumonia, I feel your germs about me crawl,  
Pneumonia, you rest within the pleural wall,  
You test me, congest me and make me feel the need  
    of air,  
I think that your germs play a game to me that is  
    unfair.

Pneumonia you make my temp. stay up all day,  
Pneumonia and when it falls its there to stay,  
I dread the dawn for fear I wake and find me gone,  
Pneumonia please from me do stay.

## EVENING NURSES

Oh! We're the evening nurses,  
We're happy as can be;  
We're gathered here together all ready for a spree.  
We come on duty at 1 o'clock and work all afternoon,  
We spend our pleasant evenings in and out the service  
    room;

The day girls all laugh at us, and go out with their  
    beaux  
While we stay in and take the pulse, whatever goodness  
    knows.

We sneak into the kitchen and grab a hunk of bread.  
Suddenly we turned around and behold a silvery head.  
We straighten up, like innocent, and try to be so nice.  
And then we find it's Charlie, who's come to get the ice.  
At seven o'clock the day girls go, and think they're  
    mighty swell,  
But in the morning at six o'clock they hear that awful  
    bell  
And we turn over and snuggle down, and laugh at  
    them like MAD!

\* \* \*

Blue and White, Blue and White,  
First and foremost in the fight  
Zip bamboo, zip bamboo,  
Look! listen! We are who—  
    Intermediates '32.



TUNE: "MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN"

The patients are here to be sponged,  
In order to open their eyes;  
The nurses fly around and get busy,  
While the Sup. sticks around and looks wise.  
The nurses, nurses, the nurses of 1931-31;  
Rubbing, scrubbing,  
That at seven all work may be done.

Now place back your alcohol bottle,  
Return your whisk now to the shelf;  
Do dressings with Doctors and Internes,  
Prepare all the hypos yourself.  
The nurses, the nurses, nurses of 1931-31.  
Happy and peppy—  
That the hearts of all patients be won.

Now don't forget foments by dozens,  
Nor ice-water drinks to them aii;  
Then on with the bed pans and bottles,  
Oh, gosh! What a noise if they fall.  
The nurses, nurses, nurses of 1931-31.  
Always smiling  
If there's any work to be done.

TUNE: "OLE MAN RIVER"

Nurses all work in W.G.H.  
Nurses all work for their board and pay  
Tending their patients from dawn to sunset,  
Getting no rest till graduation day.

Do your work and don't fall down,  
You don't dare make supervisors frown;  
Stick to business and keep your head,  
And make those beds until you're dead.

Let me get away from work and patients,  
Let me get away just for one sweet day,  
Show me that thing called the old diploma,  
When I get that I will go my way.



Self-control should be cultivated at all times. Remember frivolous extremes are always frowned upon. Whistling and dancing is out of bounds whilst on duty.

Hubby: I saved \$20 by giving up smoking, what would you like me to give up next?

Wifey: The \$20, dear.

Einstein, who knows so much about space, might devote a little of his time to finding some of it for parking.

One Sunday night a Nebraska preacher sternly roared: "When those young men in the rear get through flirting with girls I hope they will give me a chance," and he wondered why the congregation laughed.

TUNE: "ALLOUETTA"

Intermediates—Jolly Intermediates;  
Intermediates—always full of pep—  
Always full of pep, pep, pep.  
Always full of pep, pep, pep.  
Intermediates—Intermediates, oh!

Intermediates—always into mischief.  
Intermediates—always full of fun;  
Always full of fun, fun, fun.  
Always full of fun, fun, fun.  
Intermediates—Intermediates, oh!

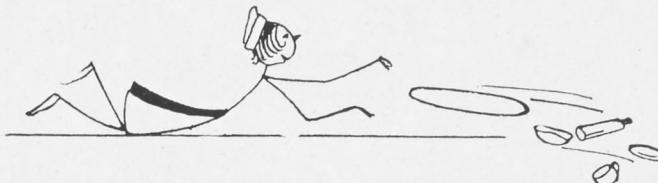
Intermediates—always into trouble,  
Intermediates—always in the way;  
Always getting in the soup,  
Always getting in the soup.  
Intermediates—Intermediates, oh!

Intermediates—soon we'll all be seniors,  
Intermediates, seniors we all will be,  
Oh what seniors we all will be.

TUNE: "SPANISH CAVALIER"

A maiden fair and young,  
Gave up school and fun,  
To be a sweet nurse in the General  
She worked herself thin;  
To please every whim  
Of patients young and old in the Gen.

Each flat had its tasks,  
Some used lots of casts;  
Which meant work for girls in the General.  
After all is said and done,  
In the end it's lots of fun,  
We'll soon be graduates of the General.



Noise is always beneficial during an operation. It relieves the tension and quiets the surgeon's tattered nerves.

### THE BACTERIOLOGICAL BALL

A gay bacillus, to gain his glory,  
Once gave a ball in the laboratory;  
The fete took place on a cover glass,  
Where vulgar germs could not harass.  
Only the cultured were invited,  
So they safely closed the ball-room doors,  
To all the germs containing spores.  
The Streptococci took great pains  
To seat themselves in graceful chains;  
While, somewhat late and two by two,  
The Diplococci came in view.  
The Streptococci, stern and haughty  
Declared the T.B. germs real naughty.  
They wouldn't care to stay at all  
If they were present at the ball.  
The ball began and mirth ran high  
While no one dreamed of the danger nigh;  
Each germ engaged himself that night,  
With never a fear of the phagocyte.  
It was getting late and some were loaded,  
When a jar of formaldehyde exploded  
And drenched the happy dancing mass  
That swarmed all over the cover glass.  
Not one survived, they perished all  
At the nurses' bacteriological ball.

### LOVE

Some people think that nurses  
Fall in love the very day  
They come to count a sick man's pulse,  
Or bring his dinner tray.  
They think the tender passion,  
Delightful as perfume,  
Surrounds a sniffy patient,  
Or the cleaning of his room.

There's nothing much alluring  
About a stricken male  
Who has a growth of stubble  
Upon a cheek that's pale.  
Nor does fair romance linger  
Within the tousled hair  
Of a man without a collar  
Who's as cranky as a bear.

So cheer up, wives and sweethearts,  
Because it is not true  
That artful vampires in white caps  
Would wish to steal from you.  
To tell the truth, before a week  
The poor nurse is a wreck;  
The love for your man is only this—  
The love to wring his neck.

### THE CHARGE NURSE

The Charge Nurse visioned wards as they should be,  
And from this dream, forthright a new one grew,  
A ward that all the nurses thronged to see  
And joyed therein—till came the Sup' who knew,  
Saying: "Tis bad! Why do ye gape, ye fools?  
She worketh not according to the Schools."

The Charge Nurse probed Life's mystery of woe,  
In clinic book she sought to give the clue;  
The nurses read and said that it was so,  
And read again—then came the Sup' who knew,  
Saying: "Ye wittless ones! this book is vile:  
It hath not got the rudiments of style."

Love smote the Charge's heart, and silver clear  
She sang a song so sweet, so tender true,  
That all the student nurses thrilled to hear,  
And listened rapt—till came the Sup' who knew,  
Saying: "Her technique's wrong; she singeth ill.  
Waste not your time." The singer's voice was stilled.

And then the nurses roused as if from sleep,  
Crying: "What care we if this be not Art!  
Hath she not charmed us, made us laugh, and weep?  
Then, with her ward work spurned, her book unread,  
Her song unsung, they found their Charge Nurse—dead.

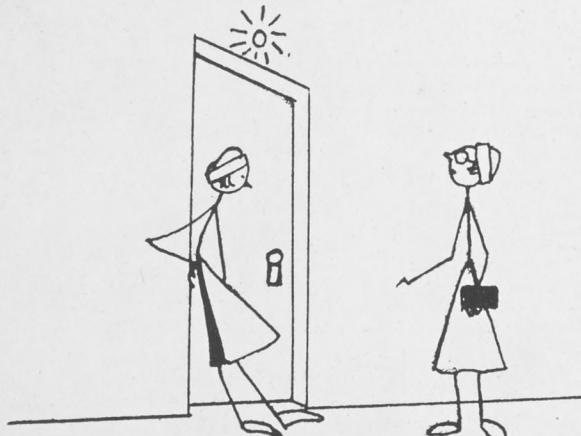
# From Chrysalis to Butterfly

*From Chrysalis to Butterfly in stages—  
Probation to Graduation likewise stages.*

**F**IRST, the uncapped, unbibbed, uncuffed, lovely mortal, who, learning many things in short time, soon distinguishes how far she may follow the line of carpet, and just where her feet must cease to tread the "pile!" Gets used to the terrifying vastness of a lovely Reception Room. Sees Staff Room, Library, Infirmary, even Canteen, all emerge from seeming chaos of unending directions, and take a firm and very soon familiar standing.

*The Bell* rung in early a.m., getting down to prayers on time, etc., etc., etc., all before going through the Rabbit Run to the hospital and much learning.

However, long before the day dawns when "whenever necessary" is knowingly shortened to P.R.N. and much knowledge is being imbibed, etc., the strangeness and loneliness is a stage already passed.



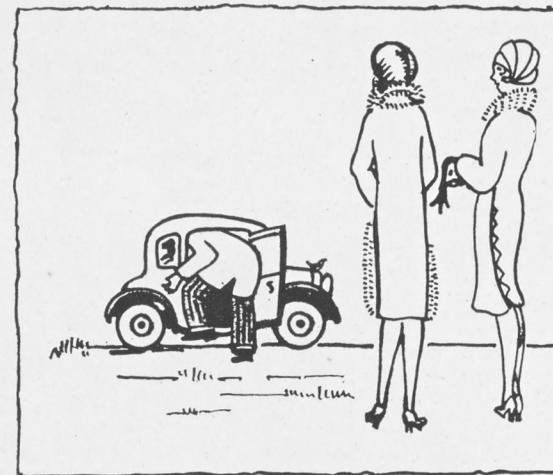
Be comfortable at all times. The supervisor will not mind if one lounges against the walls. Even if it is considered unprofessional.

When I consider how my life was spent  
Travelling those corridors so long and wide;  
And how there was not one square inch to hide  
When doctors came to me their spleen to vent:

When I consider lists of treatments long,  
Those foments that continually got burned:  
Cinics that I'm supposed by heart to have learned  
Alas! my memory was never strong.

When I consider those long hours at night  
When sleep o'ercame me and my head bent low,  
And how my midnight lines my state did show,  
And mice would keep one in perpetual flight:

Considering how henious was my sin  
I trod the path (in fear) to T.S.O.  
And wondered if my alibi would go  
Or whether constant use had worn it thin.



Eh! What? A breech presentation.

When I look back on three perplexed years  
A graduate for better or for worse,  
And wonder how they made of me a nurse,  
I feel for all my joy, a hint of tears.

We are the Grads. Short days ago  
We strove, flew up and down the wards,  
Worked, and were worked, and now we go  
To meet our fate.  
Take up our labor in the school,  
To you from hand to hand we pass  
The Torch; Be yours to give it a heave  
If ye break faith with us who leave  
Ye shall be cursed with vim and verve  
By all the Grads.

BLUE - AND - WHITE

Grace Gibson Monaghan, Alan F. Malcolm, Jean H. Long, Linda Pettigrew, Eva R. Bankstain, Eugenie Sinclair  
 Rep. Glazer, Doris McLean, Myrtle Brewster, Kathleen Warham, Madeline Conner Parrot, Sophie Campbell, Olive G. Dennis  
 Helen McEachern, William Thorvaldson, Kitty Mudd, Otto Thomason, Ellen G. Rice, Dorothy Low, Edna May Grundy  
 E. Lawrence, E. Andrews, Isabelle M. Rice, Rose Bunting, Marion C. Anderson  
 S. McCallister, Edith Carson, Margaret West, Margaret West, Aldyth B. Holden & Son  
 Helen Ryan, Esther Tarnow, Edith Parker, Margaret West, Aldyth B. Holden & Son, L. H. Blackburn, A. Sample  
 Ada Billingsley, J. W. Rice, Isabelle Duncan, Chris Taylor, A. McLeod McKay, Hell Marie, Anne Suderman  
 Margaret Dow, Alberta Gibb, Jean Cannethers, Irene White, I. Shawcross, Ida Petch, Isadore McLean



Popularity, Quality and Service Seldom Equalled.

MOORES  
LIMITED

S. J. Bernow  
'34

Dorothy Park Horton

## Autographs

Elsie Wilcox '24  
May Hayward

Helen B. Herklotz  
30 May '31

Anne Billingsley  
'33

## *The Most Suitable Contract for a New Graduate is An Endowment Policy . . .*

Example of an Endowment purchase from the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada by a lady in Port Hope on 1st December, 1905 (Policy No. 215,703). This Policy matured on December 1st, 1930, when the lady concerned received the following settlement:

Guaranteed Cash	\$1,000.00
Accumulated Dividends (Including Special Maturity Dividend)	748.72
	<hr/>
Total Cash	\$1,748.72
Total deposits made (\$39.25 yearly for 25 years)	981.25
	<hr/>
Profit plus protection	\$ 767.47

Many thousands of Nurses the world over have arranged their own Pensions through

## **The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada Limited**

Manager for Winnipeg:

J. E. YARNELL

903 LINDSAY BLDG.

When our hair has turned to silver,  
And these togs no more we don  
Still our thoughts will ever wander  
Back to days now long since gone,  
And we pleasantly remember  
The doctor's lordly calls,  
That have turned our hair to silver  
Since we left their ruling halls.

When a doctor asked for scissors  
And we sought in vain for some,  
We were glad we were "just Juniors"  
Cause he didn't know our names.  
When he asked for certain patients  
And would like to see them stat  
We would thank our lucky ancients  
That he had none on the Flat.

Miss Elizabeth Carruthers, R.N.  
Representative

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE  
OF CANADA

Phones 23 361—53 552

WINNIPEG

### FROM AN INTERMEDIATE'S NOTE BOOK

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said  
And smiled, and blushed, and hung her head.  
"I'm sorry for the words I spoke that night—  
Your sending the flowers proved that you were right,  
And as we walked and talked beneath the bowers  
I wondered who the deuce sent her those flowers?

Henrietta wonders if the trousers of a tuxedo are breeches of etiquette.

## PHYSICIANS OF A SORT

WHAT'S what we are. We take the shabbiest, most forlorn-looking clothes, subject them to a few scientific treatments, and dismiss them . . . rejuvenated. Our consistent care of clothes makes for smartness and unusual longevity. Let us clean and press your soiled attire into perfect health. Merely telephone . . .

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

TORONTO  
EDMONTON

MOOSE JAW  
VANCOUVER

#### HOW TO WIN AT BRIDGE

1. Bid high, your partner may have a good hand.
2. When you have a poor hand, signal immediately by saying: "Who the hell dealt this mess?"
3. Claim all the honors—you may get away with it.
4. If you get a good partner, keep score yourself—you've got to have some advantage.
5. Lead from your hand or dummy as convenient.
6. Trump your partner's ace—and cinch the trick.
7. If your partner doubles a one bid, pass and be glad he has such a good hand.
8. Redouble on general principles—confidence is a great thing—even without tricks.
9. Always ask what the trump is two or three times

—this refreshes everybody's memory.

10. If nobody bids—bid against your partner. You must keep interest in the game at any cost.

11. Third hand plays low.

12. Always ask your partner why he didn't return your lead. This will remind him to lead it next time.

13. When you are out of suit, re-arrange your cards. This tells the world that you are out of it.

14. If two cards are turned up in a dealing and you have a rotten hand it is a misdeal.

15. After the third round, lay your hand on the table and claim the rest of the tricks. You may not have them, but it's much easier to play with all cards on the table.

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OF

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WE ARE  
YOUR  
PARTNERS

16. If you have but one card of a suit, save it to play on your opponent's ace so you will not have to waste a trump.

17. In the best of circles thirteen cards of one suit is considered a good bidding hand—a handy little thing to remember.

18. And when you lose by twenty-five hundred points, be nonchalant and write a check (they can always be cancelled before the bank opens in the morning.)

"Does Bill still walk with that old slouch of his?"  
"No, I hear he's going with better women now."



WITH THE COMPLIMENTS  
OF

**Scott's  
Emulsion**

*Reliable Food Tonic for  
over 60 years.*

"Oy, I am dying—send for a priest, quick."

"Vot, Abie, you don't want a rabbi?"

"I should gif heem smallpox? Call for a priest."

Little Girl—"Oh, look at our new radio!"

Brother—"Radio—nothin'. That's grandmother's coffin."

English Prof.—"I want your sentences to be so clear that they can be understood by the most stupid person —then I can tell what you mean."

## *Youth . . and Diamonds*

When youth buys diamonds it is mostly for engagement rings. To square their love of display with oft lean purse, the temptation for young folks may be to sacrifice perfection.

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Bad men  
Would like their women  
To be like cigarettes—  
All waiting in a row,  
Slender and slim.  
To be selected  
Set light to,  
And when finished with  
Just tossed aside.  
But more fastidious men  
Prefer women like cigars—  
They are more exclusive.

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*Canada's Finest Hardware*

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Last longer, and are more comforting,  
And when the brand is good,  
Well, they don't give them away.  
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Treat their wives like Pipes—  
The older they get,  
The more attached they become to them  
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They may knock them  
Gently, but lovingly;  
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And no man shares his pipe.

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Landlady—"Do you like that crazy quilt?"  
Boarder—"No, nor the darn mattress either."

Nurse—"If that interne runs over me with his car I'll never speak to him again."

Is a sleeping bag a knapsack?

"There goes Addaline."  
"Who? That's Pearl Smith."  
"Yeh."  
"Why call her Addaline?"  
"Her initials are P. S."

"Did the audience show any feeling when you sang?"  
"Yes, they began feeling for their hats."

Nurse, to patient who had parted company with his dinner—"Do you feel nauseated?"  
Later, patient in next bed, in a great hurry—"Nurse! Quick! He wants to nauseate!"

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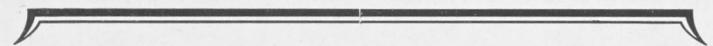
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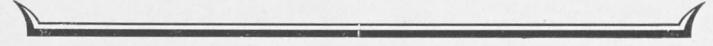
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Dr. L. was about to perform an operation on an infant who was draped ready for procedure when Dr. G., mistaking the theatre suddenly entered. Looking from doctor to patient he grunted, "Hey, you big bully, why don't you pick on someone your own size?"

Anaesthetist to Patient—"Your name is Hendrick, eh? German or Polish?"

Gruff Patient—"Swedish."

Anaesthetist—"Hm, you've a Dutch name."

The very junior nurse, not yet possessor of scissors, went in search of a pair when these awful words, "Scissors, nurse!" were spoken. She returned a little late, but triumphant, with the bread knife.

First Nurse—"Oh, hello, got a case?"

Second Nurse—"Yes, cholecystectomy."

Innocent Boy Friend—"Well, bring it over we'll drink anything."

"Sir, do you realize to whom you are speaking? I am the daughter of an English peer."

"That's all right, I am the son of a Canadian Doc."

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ON BEING IN LOVE

*"In the spring the young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."*

It is very easy for the young and susceptible male to fall in love at this romantic season of the year—spring! With the birds twittering in the trees and the Fords frisking noisily along the roadway, the heart of mankind naturally becomes slushy in sympathy with the weather. It is both interesting and instructive to observe the effects of this emotion on human beings from purely a psychological standpoint.

On being introduced to the object of his devotion for the first time, the subject will experience an immediate stimulation of the circulatory system, together with a spasm of extreme nervousness. A temporary vocal im-

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pediment will be noticed, subject having great difficulty in making any coherent observations. This is doubtless due to the chaotic state of his mental organism, which is always seriously affected.

The effect on the vision is also most peculiar, subject generally testifying to the most remarkable changes in familiar objects—grass becomes greener, the sun brighter, familiar landscapes more beautiful and so forth. There is little question that this is a mere hallucination induced by the extreme mental aberration aforementioned.

Subjects become rapidly uncontrollable when exposed to the rays of the moon. His actions when under the influence of the lunar planet indeed leave us with little difficulty in understanding why we apply the term

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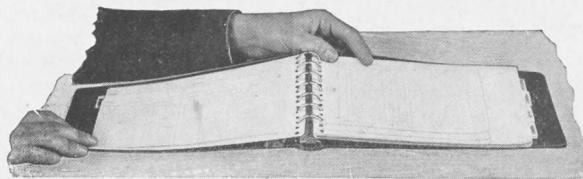
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"lunatic" to those unfortunates who are more permanently bereft of their reason.

As the symptoms become aggravated the victim's condition becomes rapidly abnormal. The deterioration of his mental faculties proceeds rapidly until his thoughts and actions become child-like and pathetic. Gazing at the illustrations of a furniture catalogue affords him the keenest amusement, while to sit in a semi-comatose condition with one hand in contact with that of his fellow sufferer, seems to him little less of perfect bliss.

Although all scientists and moral philosophers have given this affliction their deepest consideration for many centuries, it is sad to think that no cure has yet been discovered save a matrimonial alliance between the parties affected.

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### THE NURSES' ALPHABET

A is for soldiers and jokes by the score,  
B is for dope fiends who always want more,  
C is for typhoids on separate technique,  
D is for soldiers who are not too sick,  
E is for little pads safely counted,  
F is for mosenthals measured and mounted,  
G is for all sorts—they moan and groan,  
H is for women and children alone,  
J is for tonsils, all blood and gore,  
K is for casts, with cupid to the fore,  
E I is for kiddies, oh what a row!  
E II for group nursing to patients now,  
E III, IV and V for the "pluts" and our nurses  
W I for poor men oft' free with their curses,

W II is for work, with lights like Broadway,  
W III is for cheerfulness with Paddy each day,  
W IV and W V bring us babies—all types,  
Ohs is for our inebriated friends of the night.

The Professor—"I'll wait until that fellow stops making a fool of himself—then I'll begin.

Student to Gas Station Operator—"Which gas is the cheapest—the red or the white?"

Operator—"The white.

Student—"Is this the whitest you have?"

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dream of  
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these beautiful  
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**T**RU, you may find it a task to save the money to make your dreams of travel come true—many women of today do—it's so hard when all the stores are offering delightful things so dear to the feminine heart. But it is easier than you may imagine. What is needed is a regular system of saving, one where the returns are certain, and the money is not too readily available for spending off-hand. Here it is that Life Insurance can help you. The plan is ideal, and a lump sum will be provided at a definite date sufficient to fulfil your heart's desire, whatever it may be.

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"I hear that one of the famous football players got choked to death."

"You don't say! How did it happen?"

"Well, he was eating a piece of horse meat and some one hollered 'Whoa'!"

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been beaten by a parishioner thirty years his senior and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," said his opponent, "you'll probably be burying me some day so you'll win at the finish."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."

"I'd hate to buy powder and rouge for Dot."

"Why?"

"She's two-faced."

"My home town is unique."

"Unique?"

"Yes, according to the Latin translation of it—*unus* means one and *equus* means horse—one horse."

He (kissing her gently)—"Haven't I met you before somewhere?"

She (kissing her gent)—"No, it's just the situation that's so familiar."

*To the Graduating Nurses and  
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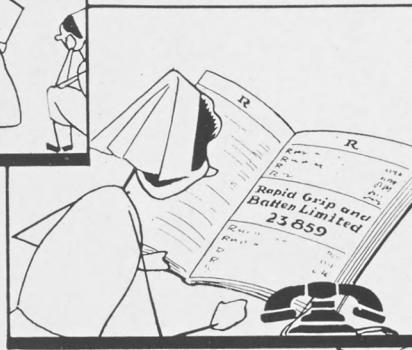
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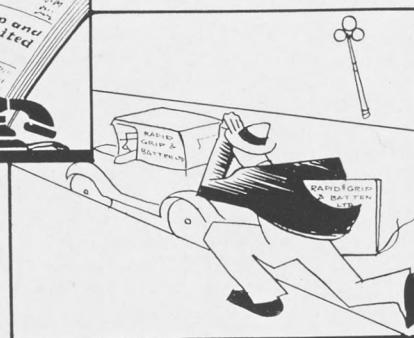
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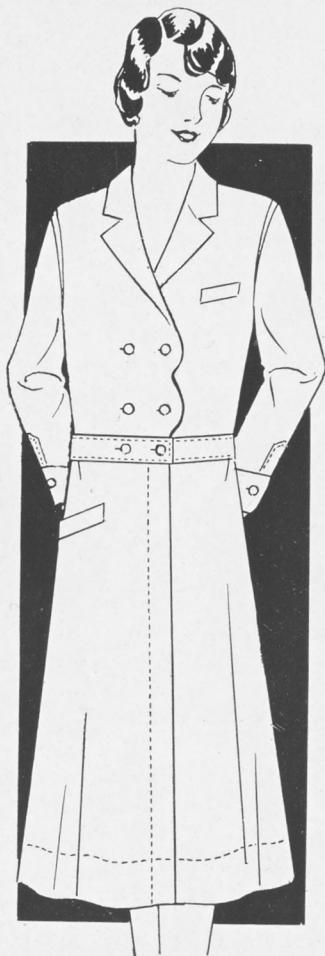
Our Special Service Department, organized and maintained to help the Year Book Staff, will aid you in the make-up of your Annual and will suggest a simple method of financing the venture.

Have the ways-and-means committee telephone 23 859 or, if you are out of town, write us at 290 Vaughan Street, Winnipeg.



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*When tired or your nerves become a bit shaky . . .*

*Make yourself a steaming cup of*

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## Winnipeg Electric Company

*"Your Guarantee of Good Service"*

### ACTUAL ANSWERS ON EXAMINATION PAPERS

Question—Give in detail the care of patient following a hysterectomy.

Answer—If the patient is a woman—

Question—Draw a diagram of a tray and say what you would put on each dish for a soft, solid diet.

Answer—Student nurse sketched bread and butter dish and wrote, "Sweet breads with crusts cut off."

Salpingitis—inflammation of the meninges.

Junior evening nurse asked the float for some placebo for there was none in the flat.

She—"Chapel certainly has a wonderful effect on the cadets, hasn't it?"

He—"Howzat?"

She—"Why Joe says that immediately after chapel entire companies reform and march to barracks."

The doctor was about to do an interesting dressing which a probationer asked permission to see.

Doctor's Nurse—"Probe please."

Probationer—"Here I am, doctor."

"How come you always smoke quarter cigars?"

"Somebody else always smokes the other three-quarters."

PHONE 87 647

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Pasteurization  
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Here you will find it and it will be absolutely  
new and at a price to suit you.

## Hollinsworth & Co.

And a cynic, Aloysius, is not the place where you  
wash dishes, but it is a girl who goes riding in walking  
shoes.

Finkelstein—Oi, Oi, der veding invitation says  
“R.S.V.P.” Vot does dot mean?

Mogendorf—Oh, such ignorance. Dot means to bring  
“Real Silver Veding Presents.”

THE IDEAL DETECTIVE STORY  
A shot rang out.  
The great detective fell dead.  
The end.

“Have you ever seen Chicago's mounted police?”  
“Holy Socks! Are the gunsters stuffing eno' now  
after knocking 'em off?”

“My baby is only a year old,” said the proud mother,  
“and he has been walking since he was eight months!”  
“Really, replied the bored visitor. “He must be awfully  
tired.”

Did you know that if all the golf balls used in the  
country this month were piled one on top of the other  
that the second would roll off the first before you could  
put the third on top of the second?

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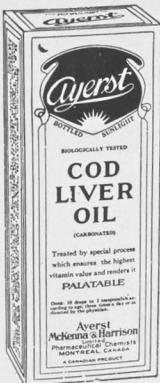
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(Trade Mark Regd. in Canada and U.S.)

An outstanding biologically tested Newfoundland Cod Liver Oil which is preferred by many Sanatoria and Hospitals throughout Canada.

*In original sealed bottles at all drug stores*

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Limited  
Pharmaceutical Chemists  
MONTREAL CANADA

So you slapped your face in plain disgust,  
And felt you had reached your limits.  
But you realized it was only just  
That you scrub it for two whole minutes.  
Individuals were for a purpose kept  
But who on earth can remember  
When the wind blew in on those who slept  
In the middle of cold December.  
You grabbed the latch and closed it tight,  
Then hurried to carry some trays  
The while you thought ten-thirty these nights,  
Is not ten-thirty-five these days.  
So as days go by we do our best  
To shun contamination;  
Disease is our one unwelcome guest,  
Good luck to the Isolation!

ODE TO THE KING GEORGE HOSPITAL  
When you come to the end of a hectic day  
And you sit alone with your thoughts,  
These questions arise in grand array:  
Do you answer in "yeses" or "not's" ?  
Did you touch that tap when your hands were clean  
And pick up a bug that was dirty—  
Forget it, and carry a drink to Jean  
Or help Billie put on his shirts.  
Perhaps your apron brushed a bed,  
Caressed the helpless hopper  
And straight to the Nurses' Home you sped  
'Though the bug wasn't worth a copper.  
Did you stand with your hand on desk or chart  
And question the head nurse pertly,  
Then realize with a sudden start  
That the hand was a "wee bit dirty."

COR. SHERBROOK & BANNATYNE 25 777

*Benny's Confectionery  
and Light Lunches*

*Magazines, Films, Fruit, High Class  
Confectionery*

PROMPT DELIVERY



and  
*Lee's Famous  
Club Soda*

Phone 26 120

# Printing of . . . *Distincti*on



**W**E have been perfecting our organization and equipment for many years and are able to turn out printing of such excellent quality as the buyers of printing ask for. Our quest is for orders on the sole merit of being able to satisfy our many customers with good printing at moderate cost.

We invite correspondence with those contemplating issuing catalogs—illustrated profusely in colors—or the more modest advertising of a less pretentious nature.

Our success in printing Annuals for Universities, Colleges, and other institutions of learning, is attested to by the large number we print yearly.



*The . . .*  
**Wallingford Press  
Limited**

Wallingford Building, Kennedy Street  
Phones: 21 368, 27 759





## Lee Photo Studio

*Makers of Portraits that please*

204 Kresge Building, 374½ Portage Ave.  
WINNIPEG

PHONE 80 769

Established 1905

Special prices to nurses

### A STRICTLY AMERICAN LEXICON

Wanna—"Want" and "to."

Doan—verb—Combination of "do" and "not."  
Ex.—"You wanna eat?" "No, I doan wanna."

Bull-yun—noun—"A thin soup."

Consomme—adj.—Thin—as "bring me some con-  
somme soup."

Soot—noun—A group—as "a soot of rooms," or "a  
soot of furniture," etc.

Sekkaterry—noun—An assistant.

Goddo—verb—Must. "I godda go."

Chanst—noun—Opportunity.

Orphan—1. adv.—Frequently. 2. prep.—Off of. He  
orphan borrowed money orphan his friends."



## Johnson-Hutchinson Limited

DIAMOND MERCHANTS  
JEWELLERS  
and  
SILVERSMITHS

286 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

*There's a Flower Treat for You Here*

## R. B. Ormiston

FLORIST

96 Osborne St. 340 Portage Ave.

Phone 42 386 Phone 24 791

WINNIPEG

Kump-tubble—adj.—At ease.  
Apper-shay-shum—noun—True estimation.  
Purdy—adj.—Good looking, attractive.

"O maiden, capable and sturdy,  
I would that thou were also purdy."

Finely—adv.—At last! as "he done it finely."  
Holt—noun—A grip.

Tole—verb—Past tense of tell. "I tole you to take  
a holt on this here."

Tempitcher—noun—Degree of heat.  
Hankit-shuf—noun—Nose cloth.

Adjoin—verb—Postpone.  
Adjoinin—verb—Lie next to. The committee adjoined  
to the adjoining room."

ASK YOUR DEALERS FOR

## DENT'S

*famous . .*

### *Hams and Bacon*

*Always Mild and Sweet  
and*

### PURE PORK SAUSAGE

made from choice cuts from young hogs, all  
Dominion Government inspected.

Dent's Products are all noted for their goodness.

*Established over a quarter of a century  
in Winnipeg.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, phone us direct

26 352

285 FORT STREET



**Roslyn**  
White Kid  
Brown Kid  
Black Kid

**ENNA JETTICK**  
*Health Shoe*

**COMBINATION LAST**



**Myopia**  
White Elk, Black Kid.

**Nurses—**

You can get White Shoes the year round.

FIT, STYLE, COMFORT for

**\$7 and \$8**

AAAA to EEE—Sizes 1 to 12

**Rannard Yale Shoe Ltd.**

Preem-ear—noun—First performance.

Pres-pray-shun—noun—Sweat.

Pie-reer—noun—A Gum disease.

Stat-sher—noun—A marble figure.

Modrun—adj.—Up-to-date.

Ammy-choor—Noun—A beginner.

Waddle—verb—Combination of "what" and "will"—  
as "Waddle I do?"

Reck-a-nize—verb—Perceive.

Inter-doos—verb—Make acquainted. As "Meet the wife."

Jenny-wine—adz.—Authentic.

Garodge—noun—House for automobile.

Lik-kewer—noun—A drink made from fruit syrup.



**White Wyclow**  
White Canvas  
High or low heel

We give special attention to out-of-town nurses. Write us for booklet.

You can be fitted in Enna Jetticks perfectly and stylishly for \$7 and \$8.

319 PORTAGE AVE.  
WINNIPEG

COMPLIMENTS OF  
**R. J. McLean Ltd.**  
MEN'S OUTFITTERS

MAIN ST. and MARKET AVE.

Phone 26 632

An old colored gentleman was burning grass when a "wise guy" stopped and said:

"You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eb, it will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Don't worry about dat, sah," responded Uncle Eb. "Dat grass will grow out and be as green as yo is."

A man and his wife were having tea in a fashionable restaurant.

"Shall we dance, dear," asked the husband rising from his chair.

"That wasn't the orchestra playing, dear, the waiter dropped a tray of china."

**HONEY DEW**  
SHOPS

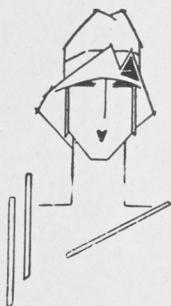
OFFER  
A COOL,  
RESTFUL  
ATMOSPHERE  
IN THE MIDST  
OF DOWN TOWN  
SHOPPING



# *Campbell Studios . . .*

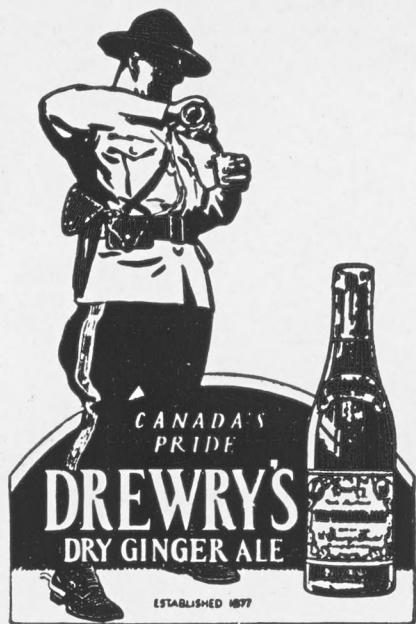
*Artistic Portraiture*

*Special Reductions on Paintings  
and Miniatures to Graduates*



*Phone 21901*

*280 Hargrave Street*



# DREWRY'S

## *Dry Ginger Ale*

is a welcome refresher when you come off duty from a trying case —recommended, too, by the medical profession — because *Drewry's Dry* is pure and wholesome.

ESTABLISHED 1877

## The Drewrys Limited

### THE KING'S ENGLISH

You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,  
But plural of house is houses not hice.  
If the plural of man is always called men,  
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?  
The cows in the plural may be cows or kine  
But a how if repeated is never called hine  
And the plural of vow is vows not vine.

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet  
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?  
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth  
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?  
If the singular's this, and the plural these

COMPLIMENTS OF  
**Broder's Limited**  
WHOLESALE  
*Hats*      *Furs*

WINNIPEG

Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?  
Then one would be that and three would be those  
Yet the hat in the plural would never be hose,  
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren  
But though we say mother, we never say methren,  
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him  
But imagine the feminine, she, shi's and shim!  
So the English, I think, you all will agree  
Is the queerest language you ever did see.

"Oh Jim, the stone is exquisite and the setting is marvellous."

"Yeah, that's the best setting that stone has ever had."

## Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2<sup>nd</sup> MAY 1670.



### H B C Nurses' Dept.

Has at Least  
Ten Different  
Styles in

## Uniforms

They are trim looking, technically correct, perfectly tailored and carefully fitted.

Nurses' Dept., Second Floor, **H B C**

## ECZEMA-PSORIASIS



342 Cathedral Ave.,  
St. Boniface, Man.

Dear Mrs. McGregor—This is to certify that \$4.00 worth of KLEEREX cleared our baby of Eczema after she had suffered night and day for four months—her face and body were covered with it. A friend told us about KLEEREX, it cleared our baby in less than three weeks. We are thanking KLEEREX and Mrs. McGregor for the result.

We are, yours respectfully,

MR. and MRS. LEONARD.

## Kleerex Mfg. Co.

MRS. F. McGREGOR, Proprietress  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Office: 263 KENNEDY STREET  
Phone 86 136  
Consultation Free

Residence: 296 SCOTIA STREET  
Phone 51 050

### FAMOUS PHRASES

Did we admit?  
Gosh, there's a doctor!  
Any waiting?  
Scissors, please!  
Yes or no?  
Put out that light, someone's coming!  
No, this won't hurt you.  
Anyone seen my cuffs?  
We've got two minutes—run!  
Maybe tomorrow, we'll see!  
Anybody got a quarter?  
She's due at 7.30.  
I'll be back in half an hour.  
Any phone calls for me?

## Use Our Twin Services With One Call

Our Laundry Driver will appreciate your Dry Cleaning Order and so save you Time and Trouble.

Your Clothing, Curtains and Drapes will need refreshing, and remember we have one aim—

*To Satisfy with Quality and  
Clocklike Service.*

Phone 26 361-2—22 029

## The Modern Laundry and Dye Works

COMPANY, LIMITED

### COMPLIMENTS OF

## BROWN and RUTHERFORD

SUTHERLAND AVE. and BUCHANAN ST.

PHONE 57 111

The covered wagon.

Changes up?

Stay just like that till I come back.  
I'll be ready at 7.30.

Wife (at breakfast)—"I want to do some shopping today, dear, if the weather is favorable. What does the paper say?"

Husband—"Rain, hail, thunder and lightning."

Arthur—"I would marry Gertrude but for one thing."

George—"Afraid to pop the question?"  
Arthur—"No, afraid to question Pop."

## MORDUE BROS.

MORTICIANS

### FUNERAL HOME

183 DONALD STREET, WINNIPEG  
Phones 21 188—22 110

*With Best Wishes from*

## David J. Dyson Ltd.

PURE FOOD  
PRODUCTS

PHONE 89 389

*Hello Nurse . . .*

*Good Morning Nurse . . .*

Words of confidence, appreciation, thankfulness.

Words that demand sacrifice, knowledge, care, patience.

1931 Graduating class, we greet you, and wish to compliment you on the successful accomplishment of your efforts.

The greatest need in your profession is Foot Comfort, and if you have not ease in walking, all the nerves in your body start protesting.

*For duty or street wear, we specialize in  
footwear particularly constructed for nurses*

Widths AAA to EEE. Sizes 1 to 10 Carried in Stock.

**MacDonald Shoe Store Limited**

494 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

(Between the Bijou Theatre and Banfields)



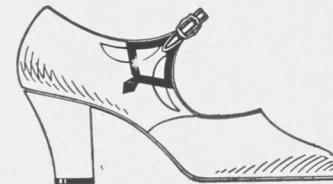
**RELIEF**

Black Kid, \$8.00  
White Kid, \$9.00



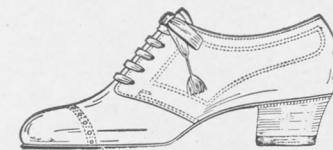
**CLASSMATE**

Black Kid, Brown Kid,  
Almora, \$10.00



**PRINCESS**

Brown Kid, Black Kid,  
\$7.00 to \$10.00



**SAMARITAN**

White Elk, Blonde Calf,  
Black Calf, \$7.00

**C**HESE things I ask be added unto me—  
That skill acquired in three long years appear  
As not for nought. Patience, abounding, strong,  
With mankind's little whims to suffer long.  
A touch, not harsh withal, yet none too light,  
Hovering as butterfly, accomplishing  
Naught. I ask a skilful, healing touch. Faith  
In my Maker as shall cast out fearing  
The great Physician, His the final word,  
And in His presence healing casts out death  
If such His Will. Let me His handmaid be,  
Carry His message as I hie me forth.  
Then in forsooth I am the nurse complete.







